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JULY 21, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900

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On arriving at Paddington from Windsor, on the day of the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, last week, the Queen gave a present of money to the railway dog Tim, for the Widows and Orphans' Fund

"FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS": A ROYAL DONATION

DRAWN BY W. HATHRELL, R.L.

## Topics of the Week

### The Barbarian Danger

DETAILS of the frightful tragedy at Peking are not yet to hand, and most of us, perhaps, hope that they may never be revealed to us. To dwell upon the enormity of the crime is futile. Events are moving too rapidly in the Far East to permit of our giving much time to tears and the wringing of hands. The whole of China is shaking with the fiendish passions which have found their expression in the capital, and if a cataclysm is to be avoided the action of the Powers must be swift and overwhelming. Happily, so far the allies have maintained their position on the Pei-ho. Had it been otherwise—had the infamous Tung-fu-Hsieng fulfilled his promise to drive the Foreign Devils into the sea—the whole Empire, from the Gulf of Pe-chi-li to the Pamirs, would by this time have been aflame. The danger is, however, not yet over. Though our eyes are fixed on the Pei-ho, that is not the only scene of the Chinese outbreak. Pandemonium has broken loose in Manchuria, and there are ominous signs in Shantung and elsewhere. As the area of disturbance extends the chance of a disaster to the allies increases, and with each disaster we may count on a province going over to the Reactionaries. At all hazards this must be prevented. Every effort must be concentrated on that "blow at the heart" on which Lord Salisbury dwelt some weeks ago when speaking of the dangers to which great Empires are exposed. In other words, we must get to Peking as quickly as possible. Once there the provincial peril will be at an end, for there could be no better proof of our mastery, and it is only for such a proof that the Viceroy is waiting before deciding finally on which side they shall range themselves. And what then? The allies at Peking with the Empire prostrate at their feet will not solve the Chinese question. There will still remain four hundred millions of people with the bitterest hatred of the Europeans in their hearts, and these four hundred millions can neither be destroyed by the foreigner nor annexed by him. Are we to rest content with a settlement which will only pave the way for a fresh outbreak—an outbreak in which the recent atrocities will be repeated on a scale of unimaginable magnitude? It is for the statesmanship of Europe to ponder this question. The last few years have shown us that the Barbarian Danger, as pictured by writers of the Pearson school, is no mere figment of the pessimist imagination. The destinies of nations are decided to-day by repeating rifles and long-range artillery, and not by that personal nerve and courage which formerly were the Excaliburs of the higher ethics. The Abyssinians at Adowa, the Turks in Thessaly, the Boers on the Tugela, and now the Chinese on the Pei-ho have shown that with modern weapons the barbarian stands on level ground with the Christian European. The Japanese have carried the lesson still further. Nowhere, however, is the danger more menacing in its possibilities than in China. What are the Powers going to do to shield our children from being overwhelmed by it?

### The Navy First

THE issue of a Supplementary Naval Estimate for more than a million and a quarter pounds is a useful reminder to the public that, in spite of the heavy calls upon the Army at the present moment, it is always to the Navy that we must first look for the defence of these islands and of this Empire. With the sum now to be voted the cost of the Navy for the present year will amount to very nearly 29 million pounds, which is 2,000,000 more than last year, and double what the Navy used to cost us twelve or fifteen years ago. With the details of the Supplementary Estimate few critics will be inclined to grumble. They suggest, indeed, that in one or two respects the Service has been allowed to fall behind the standard now imposed by the competition of all the powers of the world; but it is necessary to remember that in any gigantic business there must always be some deficiencies to be made good. One special point in connection with Naval administration will create a good deal of general interest, because of the controversy that has for several years been raging around it. No sooner had the Admiralty tentatively adopted the Belleville water-tube boiler than a cry arose from the old-fashioned engineers that the Navy was being ruined by modern fads. As far as could be gathered these fierce critics did not object to water-tube boilers in small boats, either torpedo-boats or torpedo-catchers, but they contended that no water-tube boiler would stand the heavy work of providing steam enough to drive a battleship or a first-class cruiser.

To some extent they appeared to be justified in this statement, for the Belleville boilers have undoubtedly given a good deal of trouble. Nevertheless, the Admiralty, following the example of all foreign Navies, persisted in putting these new boilers in our newest and best ships. The conduct of the Admiralty in this most important matter is explained and defended in a very interesting memorandum. The explanation amounts to this: that the Belleville boilers give trouble because the engineering staff in the Navy has not yet mastered their peculiarities. That difficulty is rapidly being removed. In the meantime, it would be folly to sacrifice the higher speed and the more rapid raising of steam which the Belleville boilers render possible. It is worth while to add that there are other types of water-tube boilers for big ships besides the Belleville, and that, possibly, some of them may possess valuable points of superiority. The most likely types are now being subjected to an exhaustive trial. More than this the country cannot ask from the Admiralty; if less were done we might reasonably complain.

### Passengers' Luggage

LET it not be said any longer that railway directors show too little consideration for passengers and too much for shareholders. There may possibly be some grounds even still for that indictment in particular instances; it is not to be denied, for example, that on some lines cyclists are both heavily mulcted and stand good chance of having their machines smashed in transit. But for a' that and a' that, the travelling public should return grateful thanks to those boards who, of their own free will, have increased the amount of luggage each passenger may take with him without additional charge. Heretofore, the weight has been so limited that a quite moderate quantity of baggage involved extra payment. It is an old story how a passenger who had often been fleeced requested a porter to "carefully weigh" a tooth brush and a linen collar to see whether they came within the regulation limit. On the other hand, it must be confessed that some passengers are endowed with extremely elastic consciences. Of them it may be truly said, "Give them an inch and they will take an ell," whether in the matter of their children's ages or in estimates of the weight of family impedimenta. Paterfamilias, en route to the seaside, standing guard over a kopje of heavy trunks, is a brave sight. But, when in presence of wife and children, he openly and obviously fibs about the poundage of that Pelion, men and angels weep at the sad spectacle. Let us hope that the temptation will be less overwhelming when the sinning citizen finds that he is, at last, entitled to have a reasonable amount of personal belongings carried without extra charge.

### The "Long Pull"

THE publicans of Birmingham and the surrounding area have set a good example to the trade at large by abolishing the "long pull." That is the euphemism for giving a customer something more than the quantity of beer for which he pays. Naturally, if not necessarily, this ancient practice leads to adulteration. Mr. Bung argues, no doubt, that if his customers are so unconscionable as to insist on over-measure, he has a right to protect himself in his own way from such greediness. Nor is that the only evil resulting from the "long pull." It breeds ill-feeling between local rivals in the business, each charging the other with seeking to gain unfair advantage by buying custom at too high a price. Disputes with customers are also of frequent occurrence; the very thirsty tippler is prone to make known his opinion that mine host's "long pull" has become scandalously shortened, and then, of course, the "chucker out" has to deal with the calumniator. For these and other good reasons, therefore, it is an excellent thing that at one of the chief centres of industry the trade has pronounced sentence of extinction on the practice, except as regards outdoor customers. They are still to be allowed 25 per cent. over-measure, presumably to make good any loss of quantity consequent upon spilling on the way home. But that could easily be prevented by employing a larger vessel than the quantity ordered would fill. There is, unhappily, another form of "spilling" which frequently comes under observation in those neighbourhoods where beer is fetched home for domestic consumption. The juvenile messengers spill some of the delectable fluid into their own thirsty mouths, and when they learn that their cans carry 25 per cent. over-measure, they will be pretty sure to abstract that quantity as a sort of fee.

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## The Court

ONCE more the Court is on the move this week, changing from Windsor to the Isle of Wight. As the Queen feels hot weather very trying, the sea-breezes at Osborne will be a welcome change. Even at Windsor, however, Her Majesty manages to escape most of the heat by being out in the grounds as much as possible, generally spending her mornings in a tent at Frogmore. Breakfast is taken out-of-doors, correspondence transacted and visits received, Princess Christian and her daughters generally joining the Queen. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Beatrice spend most of their time in England with Her Majesty at Windsor, only taking occasional trips to town. The Duke and Duchess of York have been down to dine and sleep, and Princess Louise stayed from Saturday to Monday. There was another investiture of various Orders at the Castle on Saturday, when the Queen decorated thirty gentlemen, the Duke and Duchess of York and a large gathering of Court officials being with Her Majesty during the ceremony. Another official function was the presentation of his bâton to the new Field-Marshal, Sir Neville Chamberlain. Among guests to dinner have been the Duc d'Alençon, Prince and Princess Henry of Reuss, Lord Wolsley, the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton, and Lord Harris, the band of the 1st Life Guards playing during dinner most evenings, and the Queen's private band giving a short concert afterwards in the drawing-room. On Monday night the "command" performance of *Faust* took place in the Waterloo Chamber before the Queen and a large party of Royalties and guests from the neighbourhood. Her Majesty is specially fond of the music from *Faust*, and greatly enjoys special performances. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen was to leave for Osborne, where most of the Royal Family will stay with her in turn till the Court goes north in the middle of August.

The Prince of Wales is dividing his time between town and the provinces, but the Princess and Princess Victoria remain at Marlborough House. The Prince spent Saturday to Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck at Highcliff Castle, Christchurch, Hants. Though it was quite a private visit, a most enthusiastic welcome was given to the Prince when he arrived, while a large house-party was invited to meet him. Returning to town on Monday, the Prince left again next day for Newmarket, to be present at the second July Meeting, and yesterday (Friday) would attend the Sandown Park Eclipse Meeting, being the guest of Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent, at Esher Park. Next Thursday he will attend the festival dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in the following week the Prince and Princess, with Princess Victoria, leave town for Goodwood and Cowes. During the Prince's absence from town the Princess and Princess Victoria have gone to the opera each evening, the Royal party generally including the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife, and very often the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and her daughter.

The Princess of Wales paid a private visit to the London Hospital one afternoon, to see the twenty nurses whom she is sending out to South Africa. She affixed her badge to each nurse's arm, and presented every one with a warm Shetland shawl and rug. The Princess sends out with the nurses two boxes of presents for their soldier-patients. Before leaving the Hospital the Princess also inspected the apparatus of the "light cure" for lupus, which she lately presented to the Institution. Prince Waldemar of Denmark has been in town on a short visit to his sister, the Princess.

Official functions have kept the Duke and Duchess of York busy this week. They went to a garden fête at Richmond, given by Sir Whittaker and Lady Ellis, in aid of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, and enjoyed a trip on the river in an electric launch. Another day, they opened the Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts of the Poor Law Schools, the ceremony taking place at the Church House, Westminster, and on Monday they visited Highgate to open the new infirmary, receiving a hearty welcome as they drove through North London. Next day the Duchess attended a reception at the Homes for Gentlewomen, Tulse Hill, and on Thursday accompanied the Duke to distribute prizes to the cadets of the Thames Nautical Training College. Next week the Duke and Duchess visit Wolverhampton to lay the foundation-stone of the new Free Library, when they stay with the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth at Patshull.

The unfortunate Empress of Austria's wedding dress and mantle have just been presented to a church in Buda-Pesth, according to the Empress's request in a letter lately found by the Emperor among her papers. The dress of rich brocade is to be made into a cape for the priest, and the Imperial mantle, woven in silver and embroidered with silver roses, will form a festival altar cloth. The Emperor himself carried the dress and mantle to the church.

The Queen's latest great-grandchild, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg's little son, was christened at Frogmore on Tuesday.

Prince and Princess Christian will spend most of the autumn in Germany. The Prince goes to Kissingen for the waters, and the Princess to Bad Nauheim, afterwards paying some family visits at Darmstadt.

BY A PROFESSOR IN PEKING UNIVERSITY.

An Article of great value appears in

THE GOLDEN PENNY

this week on

"HOW UPRISINGS BEGIN IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE,"

Written with intimate knowledge by

ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND,

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Peking University.

This Article gives some sidelights on the situation in China. A typical row in the Imperial City is described, and the author maintains that the "Boxers" are of the lowest class—beggars, thieves, and "cumberers of the earth," as the Chinese themselves call them.

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WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, 1900. EARL'S COURT.

IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General. The Band of the Grenadier Guards will play in the Western Gardens daily until further notice. ADMISSION DAILY, 1s. Open 11 to 11. An International Exhibition of Women's Work and Progress in Fine Arts, &c. THE MAINE LADIES' NAVY ORCHESTRA. THE SWEDISH HUSSAR LADIES' BAND. IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE.

IMRE KIRALFY'S Brilliant Realisation of the Homes, Life, Work, and Pastimes of the WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS. THE QUEEN OF ROMANIA'S HISTORIC DOLLS, FASHODA AND DINKA VILLAGE, VESUVIUS, IN ERUPTION, THE GREAT CANADIAN WATER CHUTE. SALVATIUS VENETIAN GLASS WORKERS. KHARTOUM STREETS. THE BAY OF NAPLES. GALLERY OF LIVING PICTURES. PHILIPS AND ATHOL'S ILLUSIONS, THE ANIMATED ELECTRIC THEATRE. CAPE TO CAIRO EXCURSIONS. INCUBATORS. SPORTS HALL. THE GRAVITY RAILWAY. AUTOMOTOR BOATS. THE GARDENS. Lovelier than ever.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONVENIENT FAST EXPRESSES FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES' NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	9.30	11.15	1.30
	arr.	p.m.		
Rhyl	arr.	2.32	4.30	6.53
Colwyn Bay	..	3.3	4.50	7.33
Llandudno	..	3.30	4.20	7.20
Penmaenmawr	..	4.8	5.22	7.33
Bangor	..	3.24	5.43	7.55
Pwllheli	..	5.5	—	9.50
Criccieth	..	5.8	—	9.38
		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	9.30	11.0	2.35
	arr.	p.m.		
Barmouth	arr.	4.35	5.55	—
Aberystwyth	..	4.20	5.30	9.45

CENTRAL WALES.

		a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	11.0	1.30
	arr.	p.m.	
Llandrindod Wells	..	4.15	7.5
Llangamarch Wells	..	4.52	7.38
Llanwrtyd Wells	..	5.5	7.44

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.	a.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	10.25	11.30
	arr.	p.m.	
Blackpool	..	4.7	—
Morecambe	..	3.49	—
Windermere	..	4.40	6.15
Keswick	..	6.0	6.33

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager. Euston, July, 1900.

HOLIDAYS ON THE SOUTH COAST.—Among the increased facilities for visiting the South Coast, the Brighton Railway have arranged a special Afternoon Excursion every Thursday to Seaford, allowing five hours by the sea. On Monday, July 23, a new "Bexhill-on-Sea Express" will commence running daily until the end of September. Leaving Victoria at 5.20 p.m. it will reach Seaford at 6.50 and Bexhill at 7.0 p.m. On the return journey, leaving Bexhill at 8.30 a.m. and Seaford at 8.40 a.m., it will arrive at London Bridge at 10.20 a.m. A Pullman Car will be placed on this Express. The special Cyclists' Train from Victoria to Horsham every Sunday throughout July and August.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is pleasant to find that a course of hygienic treatment—known as sun-baths—which I have always advocated, and on which I have written voluminously years ago, is likely to be put in practical form. The *Daily Express* tells us that a society has taken this matter up, and will probably develop the new cure during the ensuing holiday season. What effect will this have, I wonder, on sea-bathing? Will the dip in the briny become a thing of the past, and will the proprietors of bathing-machines be altogether ruined? For I cannot understand that a bathing-machine could be sold for anything but the price of old timber when its occupation is gone. Someone has sung—

It smells of old sea-weed, 'tis mouldy and grim,  
Both sloppy and stuffy and dismal and dim;  
Like a deer-cart or fish-van, or something between,  
Is the hideous hutch called a bathing-machine!

Now if all the machines were to be suddenly disestablished by the new cure it would be a very serious thing for their owners. But I scarcely imagine such a catastrophe will occur just yet. For sun-baths we require sun, and that in England is a matter of uncertainty. Last year we had plenty, but during the present season we could well do with some more. Now just fancy, supposing in carrying out this new cure you assumed the costume of an ancient statue and put yourself under a cucumber-frame, and the sun was obscured by clouds. Why you would only succeed in catching cold.

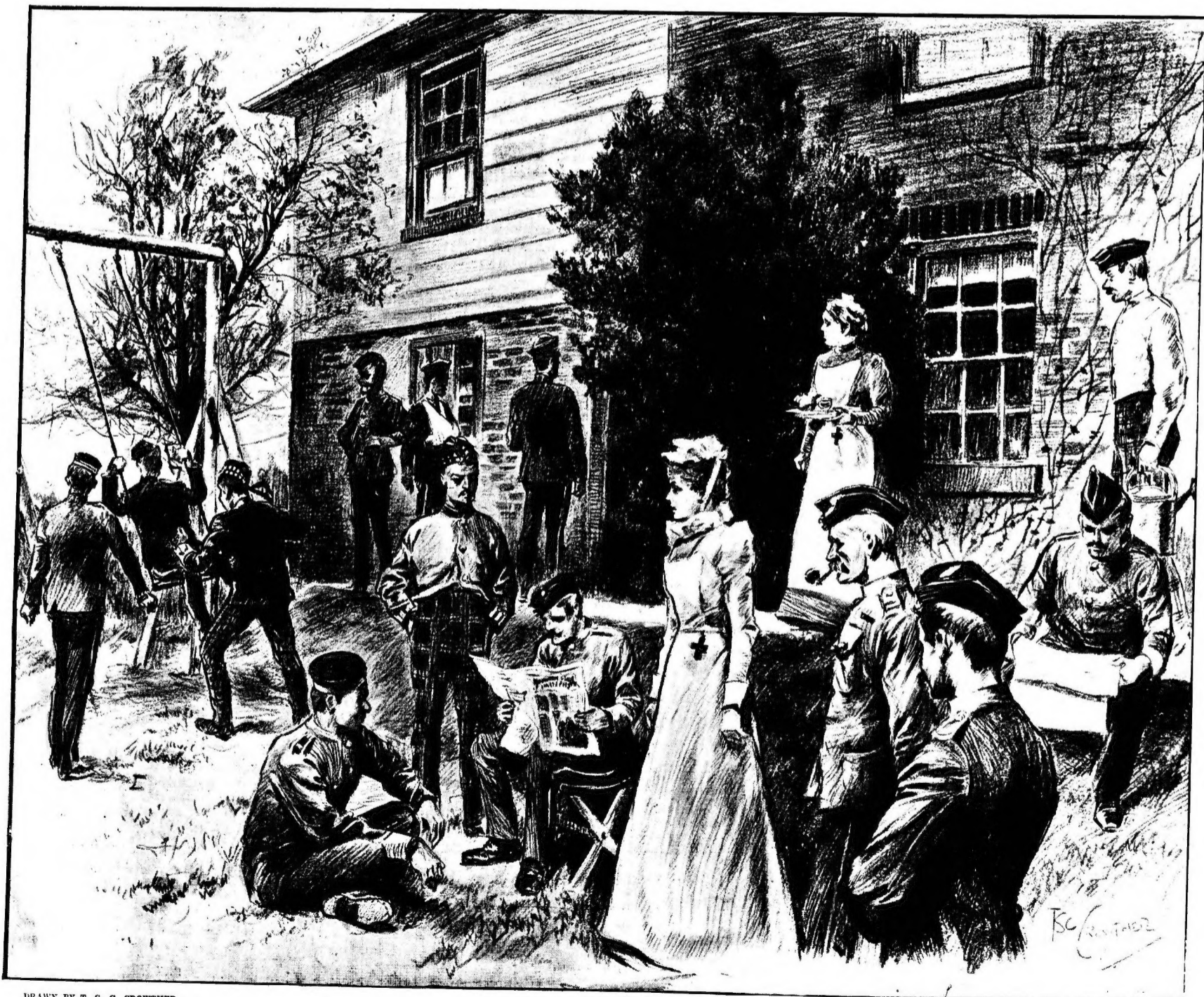
The straw hat, which is again thatching the heads of mankind with undiminished energy, seems likely to have a considerable effect on the male costume of the future. No person in his senses thinks

of wearing a straw hat with a frock-coat, though I must own I have seen it attempted with most disastrous results. Thus it comes to pass that the straw hat is a good deal worn with morning-coats, and a great many make a move in a wiser direction by sporting the straw in connection with suits of tweed, of serge or of flannel. Hence the sensible morning costume of the country is gradually being introduced into town. I should not be at all surprised if this would lead to the gradual disestablishment of the frock-coat. Of course we cannot dispense with it at present, but it always strikes me as being a weak compromise between morning and evening dress that might to advantage be eliminated from our wardrobe. Though not going so far as the man who said you required half a dozen frock-coats in the season to have one always in wearable condition, I must say it is a garment that requires a great deal of management to be always presentable, and I am inclined to think it is superfluous. With a tweed or a serge suit for the morning and a dress suit for the evening it seems to me that a man is admirably equipped. A time may possibly be not far distant when we shall find this all sufficient.

In the *Athenaeum* recently, I read, with regard to Sir Thomas Lawrence, "No doubt he amassed a splendid collection in the mansion in Russell Square, which remained vacant for many years, and has been swept away to give place to a huge modern hotel." Now I wonder whether the square has been renumbered? (Such renumbering is utterly useless for practical purposes, and is an absolute curse to all writers of history.) I ask the question because I was always under the impression that Sir Thomas's house was at number sixty-five, between Guilford Street and Southampton Row, and that mansion is certainly still standing. It would be interesting to know if the dwelling-place of the great portrait painter is yet in existence, and if it is, the Society of Arts might well invest it with one of their commemorative tablets. Apropos of this matter, I was lunching the other day at the Bear at Devizes, which used to be kept by the father of the painter, and the place was, apparently, but little altered since the times of long ago, when the youthful Thomas used to sketch portraits or recite poems for the amusement of his father's customers.

It strikes me that someone—I am not clear whether it is the authorities of the parish of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields or the company or somebody else—has been rather in a hurry in rooting and removing the lamp-posts that have so many years illuminated the street in such a comfortable and unostentatious fashion. What is to be done if the electric light refuses to work? Those who have the electric light in their houses are, I am told, always well supplied with candles in case their main illumination power gets out of order, but what use would candles be in public streets? If anything went wrong with the supply of lofty lampbearers it strikes me very forcibly we should be wiser than Moses was when the candle was extinguished. The electric light of our streets appears to me to be in its infancy, and up to the present time does not seem to be as satisfactory as the more recent system of illumination by gas. It is true you get a very brilliant light—which is a matter of intense annoyance to the houses in immediate vicinity, and you have very black shadows; there is undoubted brilliancy in the light, but there is a failure in adequate distribution, and if there is any breeze blowing the flicker of the flame is oftentimes very distressing.

Looking out of window the other day, I noted a cunning advertiser had inscribed the merits of his wares not only on the sides, but on the roof of his cart, and by so doing appealed to a large public who dwell above the level of the street and look out of window a great deal. It is a wonder that all the roofs of the town wheelers are not utilised in this direction. Indeed, seeing that the omnibus is so popular as an advertising medium, it is astonishing the cabs are not annexed for similar service. The back of a four-wheeler offers a most tempting field for the bill-poster, and of which I wonder Mr. William Stickers has so long resisted. I can never understand why wheels have not long ago been retained for the advertising interest. They might be inscribed with one notice that could only be read when the wheel was at rest, and another that would only become legible when the wheel was in motion. To think of the many millions of wheels there are in London, and that they have not long ago lent themselves to this purpose! What can the versatile and astute advertisers be after?



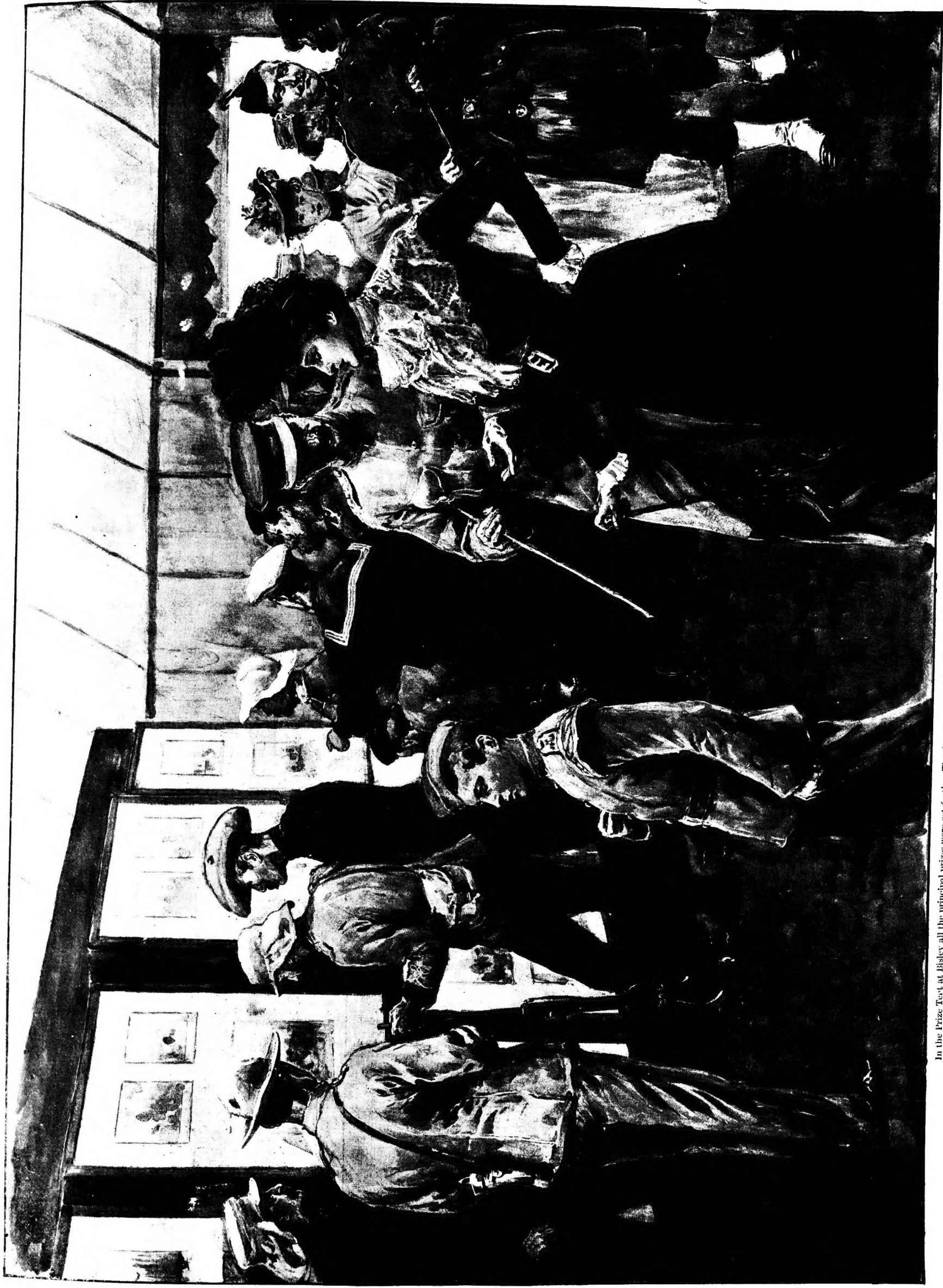
DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER

St. Faith's Home, Westbourne, Hants, was one of the first convalescent homes accepted by the authorities for the accommodation of sick and wounded soldiers from South Africa. The Home, which is always full of women and children during the summer months, is the property of Mrs. Ernald Smith, who, at the instigation of Mr. and Mrs. Weller-Poley and Mrs. Kincaid-Smith (both of whom have sons at the front), decided, with their able support and assistance, to devote it to the use of convalescent soldiers. The men, who come chiefly from Netley Hospital, are recovering from wounds received in South Africa,

and everything possible is done to provide for their comfort and amusement. The Home is most comfortably furnished, and contains cosy dormitories for the accommodation of twelve men. There is also a large reading-room, where a great variety of papers and magazines are to be found. The food, served four times a day in the dining-hall, is of the best, and the matron, Miss Thorp, and Sister Leavane, do all in their power to ensure the speedy recovery of the invalids during their month's visit to the Home.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIOLET HASLER

HOME FROM THE WAR: CONVALESCENTS AT ST. FAITH'S HOME, WESTBOURNE



In the Prize Tent at Bisley all the principal prizes were set forth. The drawings offered by *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, hung up on the sides of the tent, attracted a number of spectators

THE BISLEY MEETING: COMPETITORS LOOKING AT THE PRIZES

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.



GENERAL IAN HAMILTON AND STAFF WATCHING THE RETAKING OF THE BLOEMFONTEIN WATERWORKS  
THE OPERATIONS IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY



The hospital ward at the Residency, or Government House, Bloemfontein, in which ex-President Steyn lately resided, is a room known as the Ballroom, and before Lady Roberts had it converted into a hospital ward it was used as an office by Lord Roberts's staff. The wounded soldiers, most of whom were convalescent when the picture was taken, are very proud of being cared for in "Lady Roberts's Ward," as they prefer to call it. The medical officer in charge is Surgeon-Major MacMunn, Honorary Physician to Lady Roberts while at Bloemfontein. The other medical officers are Mr. John H. Sheldon and Mr. W. H. May. The nursing sister in charge is Sister Beardsmore Smith, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. Our photograph is by A. Deale, Bloemfontein.

THE RESIDENCY HOSPITAL WARD, BLOEMFONTEIN



This group shows Colonel B. S. E. Spragge and the officers of the 45th and 47th Squadrons Imperial Yeomanry (captured at Lindley) at breakfast in the officers' mess a few days before their capture. Colonel Spragge is at the head of the table. On his left are Captain Hadley, M.D., Lieutenant Robin, Captain Lord Longford, Lieutenant Wright, and Lieutenant Lane. On his right are Lieutenant Stanns, Captain Rokeby Robinson, Lieutenant Villiers Stuart, Lieutenant Du Pré, and Lieutenant Fenner. Our photograph is by E. D. Edgecombe, Beaufort West.

COLONEL SPRAGGE AND OFFICERS OF THE LOST SQUADRONS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

## Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

GOVERNMENT officials are being severely tried. They are being abused collectively and individually in Parliament, in the Press, and by the public; they are being worked as they seldom have been; and few of them will be able to leave this year for the summer holiday. The war in South Africa, the situation in China, the revolution in Ashanti, the famine and plague in India, and the possibility of a disagreement amongst the European Powers to keep the majority of Government officials at work far into the autumn, certainly, and throughout the winter, probably. To make their position more difficult, few dare to complain, as a general reorganisation of our public offices is being threatened.

There is an impression that, should events develop so dangerously in China, Parliament may be called together again in the autumn. This year many members would not greatly object to this, as, having relations at the front in South Africa and with punitive forces in China, several have decided not to visit the Continent. The uncertainty about the General Election will keep others in England who generally spend the summer abroad. To make their position more difficult, few dare to complain, as a general reorganisation of our public offices is being threatened.

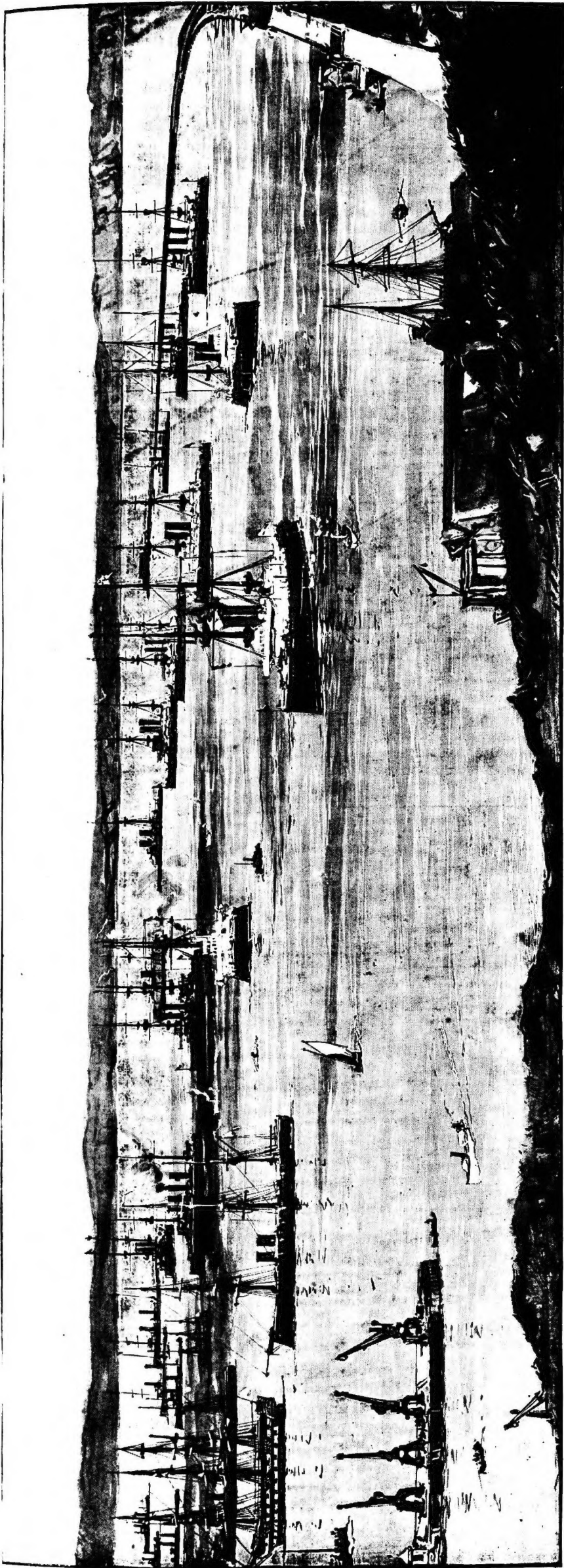
Ministers are either exceptionally reticent or they are unable to make up their minds on the subject of the General Election. In conversation most of them oppose the proposal to go to the country in the immediate future, but great pressure is being put upon them by those of their supporters who think otherwise. Events succeed each other so rapidly at this moment, and the unexpected so frequently occurs, that it is impossible to rely upon the public for any length of time. A few weeks might suffice to turn public opinion in another direction, and those who favour the proposal to go to the country at once keep dinning that argument into the ears of the leaders of the party.

Though money is scarce, though the Stock Markets are stagnant, and though tradesmen grumble, the art dealer continues to pay enormous sums for works of undoubted value. Some weeks ago a distinguished ex-diplomatist sent two small tables to be sold by auction, never imagining that they would fetch more than a few pounds. The tables were knocked down to a dealer for six hundred pounds, and it is said that a few days later he disposed of his purchase for two thousand pounds! Many far-seeing men are investing in art property, being convinced that prices in this direction will rise steadily as money becomes plentiful and new markets for art products are opened.

The United States market for works of art must, they say, become considerably larger than it is within the next few years. Australia is also becoming an important centre for such commodities. Until recently the average Australian millionaire settled eventually in England, but the majority of such men now remain in their own country, and furnish their establishments at the Antipodes with art treasures exported from Europe. There is only a limited number of art treasures, and the more extensive is the competition to secure some of these the higher the prices must be. An eminent expert contends—but upon what evidence he bases his contention is unknown—that the Wallace collection cost the two Lords Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace one-fifth the amount at which it is valued now. The members of the London house of Rothschild could easily give information which would show to what extent prices in this direction have increased within the past quarter of a century.

Were it possible at will to reproduce conversation in print in newspapers and the periodicals would be more interesting than they are. At a West End dinner last week, at which several who were making history were present, it was suggested that an article should be written entitled either "Millionaires of Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow" or "Millions and Millionaires." According to those who have studied the matter there are ten millionaires to-day to every one at the beginning of the century, and with a few hundred thousand pounds entitled their owners to the title at the latter period, very rich men now have as many millions. The influence of millionaires through the century on manners, taste, general opinion, and the Government would provide interesting material, and a speculative writer might paint a picture of the future in which the very rich men would manipulate the community as easily as a child gives form to a piece of clay.

Another matter was discussed which may furnish a hint to those who write articles, and may supply material for conversation at dinner. If there is time during the next few months to write anything but war, many journalists will be "winding up" the nineteenth century. "Which Nineteenth Century Englishman Lived in the most Interesting Surroundings?" would be an excellent subject. Mr. Gladstone was the centre of his party and of the literary world; Lord Palmerston of the politicians of the day; and the late Mr. Abraham Hayward and Mr. Charles Villiers were behind the scenes in politics, Society, and literature. The majority of these who took a part in the discussion agreed that Lord Rosebery was the Englishman whom fortune favoured most in this matter. He has been Prime Minister, he is the leading figure in the world of sport, he is an authority on literature and art, and he is acquainted with all who have power or position throughout Europe. Of course many names could be mentioned besides those which have been referred to at the beginning of this paragraph.



*Wanderer*  
Boscawen

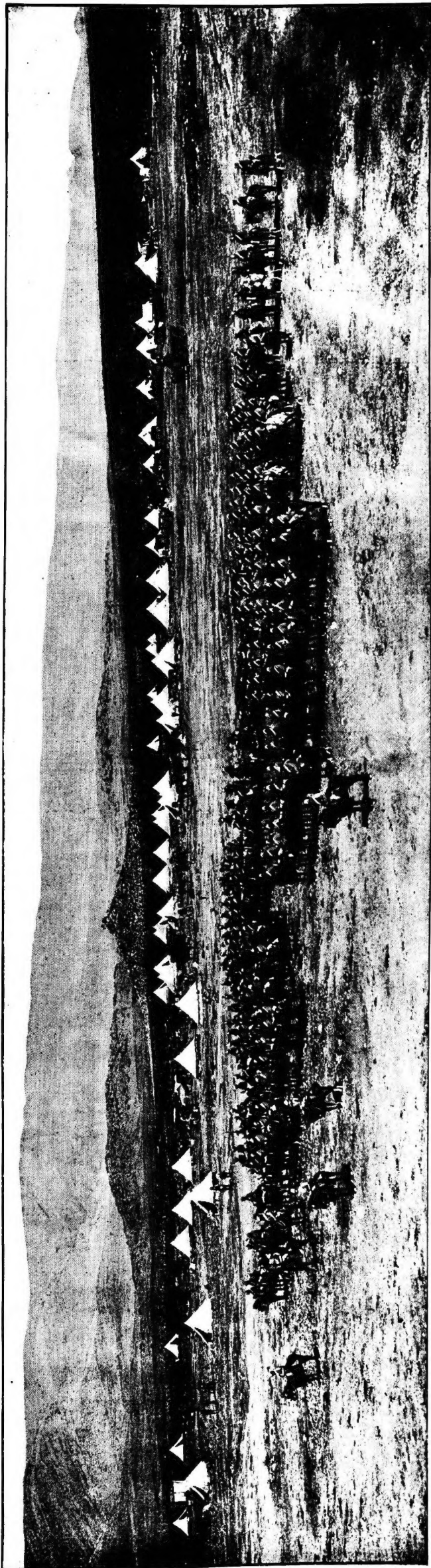
DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

*Wanderer*  
Minotaur

*Majestic*

# THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: MOBILISING THE FLEET AT PORTLAND

FROM A SKETCH BY D. E. WATERS



The force of Imperial Yeomanry under Colonel Spragge consisted of about 500, and was comprised of the Duke of Cambridge's Own and the Irish Buffs. The Duke's men were 125 strong. On May 25, they left Kromstad in order to reinforce General Colville at Lindley. On their way, they learned that he had left that morning after severe fighting at Lindley. They were the only troops in the town an hour when heavy rifle firing began on all sides. They took the best cover they could get in the place, but they soon found that they were surrounded by the enemy, who had possession of all the kopjes round the town. Firing was continued without intermission, but late in the day the Colonel ordered a retreat, which was cleverly effected. For two days after this there was heavy rifle fire from morning till night.

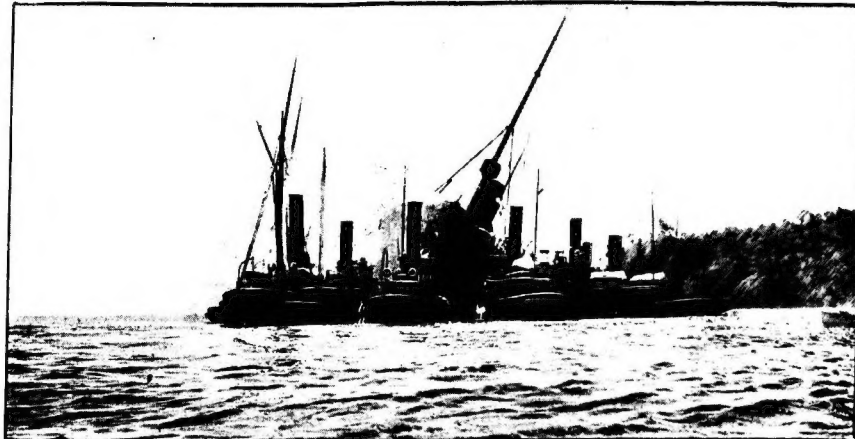
Colonel Spragge then seeing that the enemy had a far more powerful force, decided on sending a scout, named Smith, and a Kafir to General Kundle, who was supposed to be near Senekal, with an urgent request for help. At the same time Troopers Marks and O'Brien were sent on a similar errand to General Colville. It was a dangerous errand to get through the cordon of the enemy. The night being bitterly cold, the enemy had lighted fires, which helped to guide the scouts. Unfortunately, Smith and the Kafir were captured by the Boers, and Smith was shot. The other scout, General Colville, but he could not see his way to leave his position to help the men who were coming to reinforce him, as the enemy lay between. The scouts, instead of returning, made their way towards Kromstad, where they found Lord Methuen, who on

hearing of the perilous position of the brave little force sent men at once to relieve them, but on their arrival at Lindley they found they were too late. Colonel Spragge having surrendered a few hours before. Lord Methuen also learned that the attacking force was under De Wet, and was stated to be 6,000 strong. The last day of the unequal fight, two field pieces were brought up, and kept up a tremendous shell fire into the small space where Colonel Spragge and his men were confined. His ranks were thinned, and many men being killed and 11 wounded. Among the killed was Captain Kettle, and Lord Methuen was dangerously wounded. Seeing that further resistance was useless, Colonel Spragge was compelled to surrender. The whole convoy was captured, and 400 prisoners taken. Our photograph is by E. D. Elgomic, Beaufort West

## THE LOST SQUADRONS (45TH AND 47TH) OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY BEFORE THEIR CAPTURE



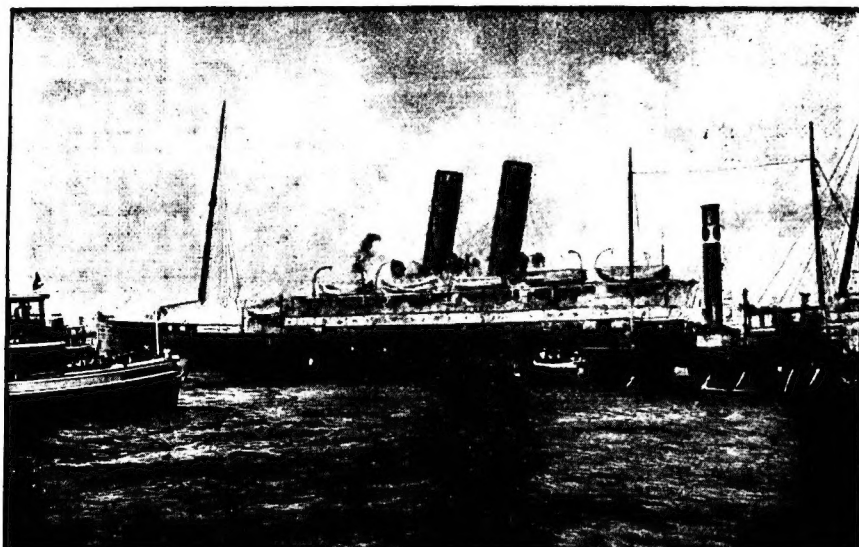
THE DAY AFTER THE FIRE: ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE LARGE PIER



TUGS TRYING TO BEACH THE SS. "BREMEN" AND "MAINE"



BURNING SHIPS, PIERS, AND WAREHOUSES: THE FIRE AT ITS HEIGHT AS SEEN FROM THE NEW YORK SHORE



TUGS GIVING WATER THROUGH THE PORTHOLES OF THE "SAALE" TO THE DOOMED MEN IMPRISONED BETWEEN THE BURNING DECKS



FROM A SKETCH BY A. HENRY FULLWOOD

#### GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE

Few calamities in the States can vie with the sudden loss of life, awful scenes, and swift destruction of property which marked the last day of June in New York. In the bright summer sunshine, looking across the Hudson, a sudden whirlwind of smoke told of an immense conflagration. Great ocean liners before long were seen drifting on the river surrounded by tugs, flames piercing the smoke-cloud. In nine minutes the four piers, alongside which had been moored the pick of the North German liners, were aflame from end to end. Crowded with merchandise of every description, the dock buildings, light wooden structures, burnt like tinder. Barrels of oil and spirits exploded, and spread the fire to the shipping. One vessel, with several lighters, was destroyed at the side of its wharf. Three other great ships, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, the pride of the company, the *Bremen*, and the *Saale*, by herculean efforts were towed out into mid-stream by tugs. Fortunately, the *Kaiser Wilhelm* got off with comparatively

little damage, and was taken across the river to the Cunard dock just opposite. Far different was the fate of the other vessels. The *Saale* floated down stream, and is stranded on the mud of the Weehawken shore. The *Maine* and the *Bremen* were towed up stream, and lie in a similar plight, dismantled wrecks. The scenes during a wild fight with the flames were horrible. So sudden and startling was the outbreak that scores of the crews were imprisoned under the decks of the burning steamers. Comparatively few escaped in a marvellous fashion after some hours. The decks were strewn with the bodies of those who succumbed to the fierce heat, which speedily made iron and steel red-hot. Numbers of others leapt into the water, only to meet death by drowning. As for the loss of property, this, it is conjectured, will reach at least £2,000,000. Of the North German Lloyd's piers, on which the buildings were erected, only charred stumps remain.

#### THE DISASTER AT THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD DOCK AT NEW YORK

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## CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

## CHAPTER XXII.

## BURNING OF THE LETTER

WARBURTON had followed Chloris into the room, and now stood over her struck white and quivering on the threshold.

"What is it?" he asked, perceiving the body of the woman. "By the Lord, here is vengeance; 'tis justice unlistened," he murmured.

Chloris heard nothing, not even the pitiful pleadings of the faithful servant; her eyes were fixed upon her father, whose face was turned aside, as though he came to meet his daughter. Then, with a low moan of desolation, that had in it no room for grief, she sprang forward to the couch, and fingered the cold brow, weeping in an undertone, as it were some melancholy dirge of her distant ascendants. Warburton's cool blood stirred faintly, and he moved uneasily.

"Come," said he; "you are giving way unjustly, and beyond measure, Chloris. I will not have you do it."

He touched her arm, but she clapped forth on him like a wild and beautiful animal. "You! You!" she cried. "'Tis from you that I am to take my orders! My God, 'tis you that are the cause of this—you and your devilish purpose. I will avenge you; you shall die to-night, and be delivered up to them you have wronged."

"Aye, madam, to Nick, is it not?" said Warburton with a sneer. "Tut, you are a fool to turn on me. I am not used to these storms, and, by Heaven, they are wearisome."

"My father lies there!" she gasped.

Warburton followed her hand mechanically, but nothing in the silent corpse appealed to him. "So he does," said he; "he lies as his forefathers have lain. Sure, 'tis well he does, as you must know."

"What do you mean?" she asked angrily.

"My poor child," he answered, "your wits have gone astray. What could they have done but attached him?"

"The justice said not—he promised not," she murmured.

"He had been here and knew," he replied. "I wondered what was behind his honeyed voice. He knew that none might trouble Sir Stephen on earth any more. He would not trouble him. Oh no, he might promise that."

Chloris was silent. "I will not weep," she said after a time, in a weak and pitiful voice. "I will rejoice. 'Tis what you say. We are and shall be ever accursed. There is a sin in this blood which cannot be washed out."

Warburton turned to the man Sloan, who had entered after them, and, seeing he was observed, the fellow began wringing his hands, muttering to himself.

"How did this happen?" he asked sternly, pointing to the dead man.

Sloan's agitation visibly swelled. "Sure, 'twas over very often," he declared querulously. "There was a knock on the big door, and it roused me by three of the morning. I looked out, your honour, and the sky was dark with rain; but at the door was him knocking and looking very still, with a lanthorn in his hand, like as one come for to claim his own in the dead of night. I was afraid of the lanthorn, and he knocked again; and I put my head right without the window. 'Who is that?' says I, 'that makes so bold a noise.' He came up and I saw his face, asthore, like a dead man's, all and white under the lanthorn. 'Open to me,' says he, 'I am come for your master.' 'Devil a bit,' says I, and shut to the window, for, indeed, the master been long a-bed, and I thought 'twas true he spoke. After that he knocked harder than before, and bids me let him in in the name of the law, and when he was come for to do the law I was more feared, and I didn't disobey him. When he was in he turned to me. 'I hear your master is ill,' he says, 'I regret that my errand will brook no delay,' he says. 'I must talk with him.' But ere more was said there was a voice on the stair, and we turned about, and the master was standing there with a light in his hand, pale and shaking. I cried out, your honour, for the first time that I see him afoot for these many weeks. But the gentleman that was like the Devil, says quietly, 'I am all sorrow to disturb you, Sir Stephen,' saying while he spoke, 'but there is that on which the law requires me to talk with ye.'

"Then, Mistress Chloris, 'twas all over, alas, for the



"Nicholas Carmichael drew a pistol. 'I have the power and the right to shoot you like a dog,' he said. Chloris uttered a cry and moved a step forward."

master, his honour, took a step and opened of his lips, but fell down where he stood, and lay there and never spoke. Sure 'twas

is so to achieve things that there shall rest no suspicion on anyone on this account save on this fellow only," he added, with a glance at Sloan.

"What is't you mean?" she asked forlornly.

"We must not leave our work half done," he replied.

"There is one duty accomplished, but another rises. Where is the letter that I left with you?"

She stammered, "'Tis in the cottage in the dunes," she said.

"It must be burned," he said. "As your letter is destroyed so this must be, and none then may cast a stone at my wife."

"Wife! wife!" she said, staring at him, and threw herself into his arms. "I have misjudged. I knew you not. I had fears of you. You are a strange and foreign man to me. Why do you hold yourself so cold and aloof? Oh, my God, what is it you say? I care not. Wife! What do I care? I hold you, I have you. I will give up my brothers to any justice for you."

He raised her from where she had fallen very tenderly. "There is a noise without," he said, "Someone is returning, and may be Gellibrand. We were better away. I do not desire that you should encounter these people."

"But my father," she said.

"He is safe; he sleeps sound. No harm will touch him. Come away."

He drew her with him into the hall, and they passed out together, going down to the little bay. One of the boats rocked in the long ripples idly, and the sun shone brightly on the silver strand. Presently they had pushed off, and were standing for the coast, the sails swollen with a rising breeze. The islands fell away and in front the moorland rose up into significance. In the bow Chloris reclined, her face towards him and the rolling blue space behind, but slowly her lids drooped and she passed into the sleep of the weary. Warburton sat and watched her and the horizon alternately.

He woke her as the keel struck on the beach, and with a start she opened her eyes.

"I would I could leave you here, dear," said he, "but I must see you safe in Marlock. There are those who will take you in and befriend you."

"I will stay with you," she said eagerly, and, refreshed by her little rest, set out with animation to climb the dunes.

The sun hung proudly over the moorland when they reached the cottage, and already the heat of the day was begun.

"Where is the paper?" asked Warburton, and she handed it to him silently, watching. He gathered some dried grasses from a corner of the room and put them in the fireplace; upon this he set sticks, and, striking out a light, kindled the flame. The sheet of fire flared up the broken chimney, and Warburton deliberately cast the letter into the heart of it; the paper crackled, was eaten greedily, and fell at last into a thin black and brittle foil. Warburton glanced up at Chloris, and smiled faintly.

"'Tis done," said he, and then, suddenly, in the open



"There sat Philip Carmichael, his face flushed, his hair awry, and a bottle at his elbow"

doorway, his dark features working with savage exultation, stood Nicholas Carmichael.

"'Tis not done yet," says he with a sneer, "but 'twill be all over very quickly, Mr. Warburton," and turned on his sister blazing eyes.

Warburton had drawn himself up and now stood at his great stature, coolly contemplating the intruder. He was bitterly angry, yet held himself quiet, awaiting events. But it now seemed that Nicholas kept a rigid command of himself, for he made no effort to translate into action that ferocious threat of his expression. The two men surveyed one another without words until Carmichael broke the silence.

"I have sought you long, Mr. Warburton, but everything comes to patience, and I find you at last."

"Sir, you are welcome to any satisfaction you may obtain from the fact," responded the other coldly.

"We have some business to settle together," pursued Nicholas.

"On the contrary, I am not aware of any particular in which we have a common interest," rejoined Warburton indifferently.

"You wonder why I talk so quietly," went on Nicholas, paying this no heed; "it is because I am sure of you this time. Other times I have trusted to fools and been deceived; this time I trust myself."

"A very natural confidence," returned Warburton, "if confined to yourself."

Nicholas Carmichael shook with anger, and he drew a pistol. "I have the power and the right to shoot you like a dog," he said.

Chloris uttered a cry and moved a step forward, but Warburton held up his hand in warning. "What is your quarrel, sir?" he asked, restraining himself for her sake. "You have savage ways upon this coast, and I confess I do not wholly understand you."

"There is no need to capitulate your offences," said Carmichael. "There is need only to be rid of you."

"Come, come, sir," said Warburton with a sigh of vexation, "you are at cross-purposes with me. I know your ground of offence, which is that I have given you up to your just punishment of the law. But it is not so; your secret is still in my hands. I have done nothing."

"You lie," said Nicholas hastily, "and if it were so, there would be the greater reason for your death."

"I am a man of honour," said Warburton, still patient to outside seeming, "which may not be said of all that lay claim to the name of gentleman, no doubt. Yet I am one, and I assure you of the truth of what I say."

"How is it that there is a warrant against me?" inquired Nicholas furiously. "The soldiers are after me."

Warburton threw up his arm quickly with a stern question of authority, as the girl stepped forward, with lips parted, eager to speak; and at that sign she fell back crestfallen.

"There is another who is no friend to you and your house," he said slowly. "There may be many."

"Who is that?" asked Nicholas.

"I am just come from the Island," explained Warburton, "and there is a party of sailors upon it with orders for your arrest."

"Well," says Nicholas with a sneer, "they shall not take me, and are welcome to what they can find."

"They know of the cavern," said Warburton.

"It does not surprise me," said the other glaring on him.

"Nay, believe me, sir," said Warburton with exemplary restraint, "you do me wrong. The informer was of your own household, an Irishman."

"Sloan!" said Nicholas fiercely, and swore a horrid oath.

"What has this to do with the case?" he demanded, "save that it ensures your death the more."

"You speak very confident about my death," answered Warburton calmly. "You were wiser to consider your own neck, and how it is imperilled. Come, Mr. Carmichael, I am in no mood for argument, being very tired. I am much wearied by your family. Let me explain. I have no quarrel with you. I once thought I had, but philosophy proved me foolish. Let the dead bury their dead. I have no wish to mingle in your affairs. Indeed, I have just gone out of the way to help you, or rather Sir Stephen, for you are nothing to me. Lieutenant Gellibrand will find nothing in the cave."

"What do you mean?" asked Nicholas staring.

"Why, there is no cave any longer. It disappeared at dawn, thanks to a raging thunderstorm and Bonaparte's gunpowder."

Nicholas Carmichael scowled at him, but was silent, considering.

"You have done very well. I commend your zeal, sir," he said at length, ironically. "You have done good service to the Carmichaels, and they do not forget. But touching the matter of that letter."

Warburton pointed to the fire, in which a thread of smoke still rose from the black film of the letter. "'Tis there," says he. "It burned ere your entrance. There is no evidence against any Carmichael in my possession. They are free."

He spoke with some dignity of utterance, as one conferring a favour upon ungrateful ears, or as one that pardons magnanimously a grave offender out of indifference.

"Sure, sir," says Nicholas Carmichael in a soft and treacherous voice. "Sure, sir, we of our house should owe you a deep debt. There is no evidence against us, you say. I am glad to hear it, and that you have done so much in affection for us."

"I would not raise a hand to help you," broke out Warburton, angrily. "'Tis not you that I have done this for—not you, not you, my God."

Nicholas Carmichael's voice sank hoarse and hollow. "For whom was it done?" he asked. "For whom? For whom?"

"I would not have Sir Stephen at his age fall upon such a misfortune," said Warburton coldly, "and I made bold to join with Miss Carmichael here in an attempt to aid him. For the destruction of this letter, for this heap of ashes and the sterner payments of the cave, you shall thank her."

Warburton spoke in ignorance of what had happened between Nicholas and his sister, and he spoke to shield her and to set right what might carry a dark interpretation to one of that hot blood. The grin of malevolent passion that overspread the man's face astounded him.

"Indeed," said Nicholas, "you have redeemed your hostility to us by this humble submission. That is wiped out. I owe you no grudge for your spying on us, nor for your theft of that

letter. There is an end of it. But did you think, fool, that I was here merely to take vengeance on you for that? No; you are condemned on many counts, and each one is death. Do you think I knew not what has moved you to this act? I was but playing with you, Mr. Warburton. The cause is there, 'tis there standing with a look of terror on her face," he thundered, pointing a finger at his sister. "That is what I came for, to exact upon your body the penalty of our shame. You have dared to love her, and by you is she taught to betray her blood. You shall die for that, and God shall judge if she also shall not die."

Warburton moved from his place by the fire. "Hold your peace," he said, with authority in his bearing. "You are beside yourself. You name one that should not be mentioned, who stands too high to be thrust into this quarrel."

"I name one who has shamed my blood, and one that shall die for that shame," said Nicholas, drawing his sword with his black face alight.

But Chloris sprang forward from the background, where she had stayed in response to her lover's commands, oblivious to all else save that he was threatened, and swallowed in a mighty passion like her brother.

"Who are you, Nicholas Carmichael," she cried, "to interfere between me and what I will? 'Tis for me to avenge myself, if I will, and not for others. Go forth out of that door and never let me see your face again. I care not if you be taken and rot on the gallows. You are no brother of mine, but a devil. Let me alone. I will not be bounden to you, and you shall do no harm here."

Nicholas struck at her furiously with his hand, but Warburton, with an exclamation of anger, at last, stood between, pushing her aside, and the blow fell on his arm.

"She shall wait; 'tis with you first," said Nicholas, and thrust out his sword.

Warburton was unarmed, for his pistol had been dropped in the hall of Lynsea, and he gave way towards the hall, so as to avoid the point. Hastily he cast his eyes about the room and, perceiving a rude billet of wood in one corner, secured it at a bound, and caught the next thrust of the madman's weapon upon this rough buckle. Ere a third stroke could fall Chloris, with all her majestic liteness, leaped upon her brother like a panther, arresting his sword-arm.

"Curse you," he said, and uttered a foul name.

"Run, run!" she panted to Warburton, and even in that moment back upon his memory flashed the scene in the cave, and the picture of the girl swaying with her brother once again. Warburton took a step forward and, seizing Nicholas Carmichael's arm, wrenched away the sword. He was still cool and master of himself, though breathing quickly.

"Let him go, Chloris," he said, "let him go. He plays but a foolish part; he is mad."

At his words the girl loosened her arms, but her brother threw her off with an oath, so that she staggered against the wall. In a moment he stood glaring at his antagonist, who now held the long blade in his hand.

"For the sake of your sister, I bid you go," said Warburton sternly. "I would slay you with your own weapon were it not for her who shall be my wife. She shall thus be saved from your accursed blood."

"She shall never be your wife," said Nicholas, and flinging forward a pistol, which he had taken from his coat, levelled and cocked it.

Chloris uttered a scream, and Warburton raised his sword swiftly, but ere the hammer could fall there came a sound from without of voices, which deranged even the design of that mad assassin. He halted, turned his ear to the door, and, behold, gleaming in the morning light, shone the red coats of the soldiery. An ejaculation issued from his lips and he darted past his sister, flew like a cat at the broken window, and carrying with him a cloud of mortar in his leap, was out of the cottage and running like a hare through the precincts of the ancient ruined chapel.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### BLACK NICHOLAS CARMICHAEL

THE miraculous speed of this flight took Warburton aback, and amazed the posse of soldiers also that stood in the door. The officer in charge, whom Warburton recognised as his own captor, issued instructions on the instant, and his men spread in a fan in pursuit of the fugitive. He himself offered a greeting to Warburton very civilly, and his glance, lighting on Chloris, started.

"What, a lady!" said he. "I ask your pardon. But I believe we came just in time—a desperate fellow, that, though 'tis a pity for his family."

Warburton motioned him from the room, which silent command he obeyed with a stare, and then took Chloris's hand.

"I will follow," he said, "and see what may be done. He is mad. Rest here."

She shook her head wearily. "I care not what happens," she answered with a quick flash of spirit.

He joined the soldier outside, and they went together in the direction of the pursuit. Far away a solitary figure was visible mounting a rise.

"'Tis he," said the captain. "They might bring him down, but that I am loth to do so. I have no orders."

"He is mad," said Warburton. "Let him escape."

The officer looked at him. "I dare not," he said earnestly.

"Bah! I meant no appeal to you," said Warburton. "I know, my dear sir, that you must do your duty. What I meant was that it was best for all that he should escape rather than be brought to justice, and discredit an ancient family."

"True, sir, very true," agreed the soldier, "but I must catch him."

They quickened their pace to a run, and emerged then into the wilderness of grass-grown sand. No one was visible anywhere upon the rolling expanse, and no sound reached them; it was as if they had been launched unexpectedly into a desert of still waters.

"He will get away," said Warburton presently. "He has every chance in his favour among these wastes."

"'Tis likely," assented his companion, "but he will be caught some day. I shall be glad if it be not I who has the privilege. I have dined with his father."

"Sir Stephen is dead," said Warburton.

The officer opened his eyes. "Then is this Sir Nicholas that we are hunting," he said, and laughed shortly. "The family had fallen on rough times."

"'Tis doomed," said Warburton laconically.

"Doomed!" echoed the other, examining him with wonder.

"Sir, you saw that lady yonder," said Warburton gravely. "You have dined with Sir Stephen, you say; may I ask if the family was present?"

"There was a very handsome girl," said the captain, displaying some uneasiness; and then he added awkwardly, "I know what you would ask me. You're right, but, Gad, I do not wag my tongue; I can bridle my gossip."

"Oh, sir," broke out Warburton, red of face, "I do not ask you that; you mistake me. That lady is to be my wife."

"I congratulate you, sir," says the captain heartily.

"She has suffered for her family, sir," went on Warburton.

"No doubt; no doubt," assented the other.

"Well, she shall no longer," declared Warburton. "I am honoured by her affection."

"So would any man be," agreed the captain cordially. "She has been mightily admired; she would cut a figure at Court."

"She shall, by God," says Warburton with emphasis.

"She will be my Lady Crayle, Mr. Warburton," remarked the soldier with an accent of delicate interrogation.

"In due course, sir; and she will adorn it, she will adorn the position, sir," said Warburton.

The captain nodded his head. "Gad, she would adorn any position. She is a queen," he said with enthusiasm.

"I will defy any man to speak a word of her," pursued Warburton stubbornly and with meaning. "When she is my wife that will protect her from any scandal of her name and home."

"It will cover much," agreed the friendly captain.

"It shall cover all," answered Warburton significantly.

"You are right, sir. Gad it will cover all. No one will remember anything, even if Sir Nicholas be caught."

Warburton, having reached his end in the argument, followed it no further, but turned his mind to the fugitive. The desolate undulations of the wilderness offered no guidance, nor any promise of success for the pursuit.

"Gad, sir," observed the captain presently, "it seems to me that we are lost. I know not my way."

Warburton pointed to the left, where a man was to be seen breasting a hill of sand, and to him they directed their steps. When they were near enough he was recognised for one of the soldiers, and explained that he and his companions had separated in order to cover as much ground as possible, but, so far as he was aware, no traces of Nicholas Carmichael had been found.

"He cannot have run so fast as to be clean away," protested the captain. "He must be in these accursed hills."

"Aye," said Warburton smiling scornfully. "There is a 'needle in a haystack,' sir, if you will hunt it through."

Presently, as a pheasant starts out of the ground, there rose upon their left the figure of a man and fled. The private darted from Warburton's side, and raced over the hillocks in pursuit. Then upon the further side of the fugitive rose cries and a third figure came into sight, running towards Carmichael. Warburton watched eagerly, the wish strong in his heart that this man should escape. Nicholas Carmichael hesitated in his course, and then, swerving, turned away and ran parallel to the lines of the pursuit. Without a sound of any kind the two men followed, but their captain raised echoes across the dunes calling upon his scattered band.

"Let be, let be!" said Warburton impatiently.

"Sir," said the other, drawing himself up, "I can take no commands from you."

"Oh, be damned!" says Warburton, and began himself to run in the direction in which the others had vanished. He caught sight of them presently, the quarry and the hounds, and the distance between them remained. Whither was Nicholas Carmichael bent? And was it possible that he could escape if he should outlast the soldiery. Then it dawned swiftly upon him whither the chase was leading, for over the elbow of the dunes he saw the sea gleaming and tumbling in the morning sun. Nicholas Carmichael saw it also, and the prospect appeared to encourage him, for he increased his pace and forged ahead. Warburton saw the three men fading from his sight; the edge of the land swallowed them; they seemed to roll over a precipice and down upon the rocks below.

A little later, however, he saw what had happened, for the cliff suddenly sprang out before his feet, and he beheld the shelving land sink towards the bay; beyond that the smuggler leaping down the rocks, and further still the dancing waters of the Gut, and the sunlit peaks of Lynsea.

Warburton slipped down the hill as fast as he might, and by the act was brought nearer to the fugitive, who had taken a sharp angle in his course and was making for the sands. Suddenly Warburton saw his object, for floating upon the tide upon the distant edge of this tiny bay was a little boat. It was true that it stood upon the margin of the ravening Gut, yet Nicholas was an expert sailor, knew every foot of water thereabouts, and at all events the chances were better than upon the land, and to be taken on that capital charge. Once at sea, he would be out of his pursuers' reach, and it would be odds if he could be taken on that rugged and unfriendly coast.

Warburton now found himself running towards the sea down a descent of green grass, while the two soldiers raced near one another in the wake of their prey. They had gained upon him, but he threw a glance over his shoulder and redoubled his exertions, so that the space between them drew out. Then once more it drew in, and fast was swallowed up. Warburton heard someone behind him, whom he guessed to be the captain, and he heard next the man's voice screaming breathlessly.

"Shoot, shoot! He will gain the boat. He must be taken!"

At these words one of the soldiers made a furious spurt and came within a dozen yards of Carmichael; he had already raised a hand involuntarily as if to grasp his prisoner, when the fugitive threw up his arms, staggered, rose again, and staggered once more; then rolling over, seemed to fight and struggle for an instant; and then with a horrible cry of terror was sucked in and vanished in the oozy sand.

The soldier checked himself on the verge of that terrible slough,

and stood, shaking like a reed; the man behind flung himself upon his face, drawing deep, uncomfortable breaths. Warburton drew

"'Tis the quicksand," he said.  
"My God!" said the captain of the posse, and shuddered.  
"The quicksand has him," said Warburton slowly and with gravity by reason of his breathless state; and to that he added, "I am wrong. 'Twas not his escape that would be for the best. 'Tis his death," and he pointed towards the water's edge.  
The captain shuddered again, and stared on him with open amazement. "'Tis a devilish fate," he said. "Yet I am glad 'twas I that arrested him."

Warburton turned his back on the scene without further talk, and slowly retraced his way towards the cottage. He found Chloris lying upon the rude couch of grass asleep, and for moments he watched her, the expression upon his face changing. She sank in the slumber of exhaustion, and to wake her were to drag her back to the hard portion of life and realisation. Yet it was advisable that she should be removed elsewhere, and he thought of her brother Philip, who was, as he conjectured, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Marlock. He stooped and kissed her forehead lightly, and at the touch she stirred and sat up with a gasp. Her eyes fell on him and smiled affectionately; then she remembered, and some questions rose on her speaking features.

"He is gone," said he; "'tis all over. They have not taken him; his secret dies with him."

Chloris uttered a little trembling sigh, and said nothing. He lifted her to her feet. "If you are rested, sweetheart, it is well that we were going," he said.

"Going! whither?" she asked vaguely.

"I will give you in charge to your brother Philip," he replied. "He shall look after you until I claim you."

She answered nothing, and presently they were upon their way. In Marlock the whole village was by this time astir, and news of importance was passing from lip to lip. Warburton walked up the street, and many inquisitive glances followed him and his companion. No doubt they had heard something of what had happened, and wondered. At the head of the street a person of some position in the village passed, and seemed as if he would address the girl, casting a look askance at Warburton, but he put up his hand with an impatient and stern gesture, and the communication was never made. These gossips were full of the stuff they loved. Before the Three Feathers they unexpectedly encountered another group, which, breaking swiftly, out of the thick stepped Sir George, and eagerly accosted him.

"Mr. Warburton, there are strange tales about, of Sir Stephen Carmichael and—" he paused, as his gaze struck upon Chloris. "How comes this lady here?" he inquired in astonishment. "Does she not know? Her father is dead."

Warburton regarded him steadfastly. "You can give us no news, Sir George," he answered, and behind her guardian he met the curious eyes of Dorothy Holt, which were fastened on him with what he interpreted as a look of triumph.

"Sir Stephen is dead," said he of an ancient enemy. "His loss was expected, poor man. I trust his family will bear up against the dreadful fact. But there is a successor; the name still remains."

"Indeed, sir, I understand something very different," began Sir George. "I have heard a curious story. The elder son was—"

"I have said you can give us no news," broke in Warburton sharply, ere the word was uttered, and again was conscious of Miss Holt's face, now bearing a malevolent simper. "Sir Philip remains," he said, "and," he took Chloris's hand, "I wish to make you an introduction to this lady who has promised to be my wife."

Sir George stared, and over Miss Holt's face passed an angry flare of red. "'Pon my soul, Mr. Warburton, you amaze me," said the former. "Well, well, 'tis well done, I vow. But not so—strange—strange," and he came awkwardly to a stop. "I must offer you my congratulations, sir," he added.

Warburton bowed, and turned to Miss Holt. "I think, madam," he said slowly, "that I have to thank you for a night in gaol."

"What's that?" said Sir George, pricking up his ears.  
"Miss Holt, sir, was obliging enough to have me laid by the heels," explained Warburton, while the girl grew scarlet and then white, "for some reason she can best explain. She swore an oath of vengeance against me."

"He is in league with these Carmichaels," burst forth the girl with hysterical anger, trembling in her fear.

Chloris's eyes shot fire, but Sir George, who was greatly taken with her, and thrown into a state of fuss, checked his ward sharply.

"You will be returning soon to town, Mr. Warburton," he said, "an effort to regain his composure; 'you will be seeing your father.'"

"Maybe," said Warburton.

"Commend me to my lord," persisted Sir George. "I heard you was far from well—his old complaint."  
He glanced at Chloris as one who would suggest that here stood the future Countess of Crayle.

Warburton bowed again, and with the soft pressure of Chloris's fingers on his arm turned towards the inn. The frightened attendance of the landlord met him in the passage and flitted away as if in terror of a phantom, but Warburton passed on. While the long room a voice sounded calling on Tremayne, and, flinging the door open, he entered. There sat Philip Carmichael, his face flushed, his hair awry, and a bottle at his elbow. He laughed noisily at Warburton, and, suddenly checking himself, stared in bewilderment at his sister.

"What does this mean?" he asked vacantly.

"It means, sir, that this is no proper time to be drinking," said Warburton roughly, and knocked over the bottle, spilling the red wine on the floor.

"Dumme, sir, what is this piece of insolence?" stuttered Philip, struggling to his feet. "And what does Sis here?"

"Go outside and you will learn what it means," said Warburton contemptuously. "Have they not brought the news of your father's death?"

"'Tis true, he is dead, rest him," said Philip surlily. "But you have broken my bottle," and he rapped loudly for the innkeeper.

Warburton stood regarding him with a glance of disgust, and was conscious that Chloris's hand was stolen gently into his. He turned and found a pitiful face directed on her brother, in

which a great horror mingled with tears. He held tight the hand. "Know you this also?" he said sternly, "that your brother Nicholas also is dead?"

The fingers closed convulsively on his, and Philip started.

"What, Nick dead!" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "How comes he dead? You are lying." Warburton did not answer to this, and he let his eyes drop. "The devil!" he exclaimed in a lower voice, in which was a thrill. "Then I am Sir Philip."

"My God, you are welcome to it," cried Warburton in disgust. "Sir Philip!" said he, not heeding. "Poor Nick! 'Tis worth another bottle. Poor Nick!"

Warburton turned away abruptly, and got out of the room with Chloris, white and failing.

"Be of good cheer, sweetheart," he whispered. He had given up forthwith the thought of Philip as his sister's protector.

"We are well gone," she murmured; "the world is well rid of such as we. We have some evil taint."

He put an arm about her without answering, and called for the landlord. Tremayne shuffled into the passage from his bar-room.

"Innkeeper," commanded Warburton, his tall form at its highest, "this lady will rest here for a little. See that some food is prepared at once. Within an hour's time have a coach at the doors."

Tremayne stammered, and, dismissed by a look, went forth.

"A coach!" cried Chloris dreamily, "whither go you, sir? Is't to London? Are you tired of this place? I wonder not. 'Tis no fit home for such as you. We are barbarians here, and have an evil taint."

"Aye, 'tis for London," he said, with his arm about her.

"Do you go to-day?" she murmured. "I would that you stayed with me a little ere you go; but 'tis no matter. You were well to be gone. There is nothing here meet for you. I will bid you farewell, sir."

Warburton looked down on her with a smile. "'Tis you and I that go, sweetheart," he said. "I go not without you, and when I go you shall go. This is no place for you, but your place is with me and where mine is."

She opened her half-closed eyes, a long-drawn sigh escaped her, and then her lids fell softly, and she hung, a dead weight, upon him. She had swooned away.

THE END

## The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

OUR interest in the tailing out of the war in South Africa has been made to pale before the tremendous events that are now taking place in China, which may be regarded from the point of view of several situations: First, the situation at Peking; secondly, the situation at Tientsin; thirdly, the situation throughout the rest of China; and fourthly, also, the situation which has been created throughout the civilised world, to whom China has now proved that she does not belong, and which she has so brutally wronged and defied.

### The Massacre of Peking

For it is no longer to be doubted that, on or about July 9, the Chinese capital was the scene of an outrage on humanity and the

comity of nations which has been called the greatest crime of the century, but which might almost be described as the foulest crime of all the centuries—unique, barbarous, and far more horrible to think of than even Cawnpore and St. Bartholomew. Some years ago Lord Wolseley—who was rather sneered at for his prophecy at the time—wrote a magazine article, in which he set forth that the great danger to civilised Europe lay in China, with its hundreds of millions of semi-



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barbarians, if only those millions could procure modern arms and be led by a real man uprising amongst them—a Mongolian Tamerlane, Ghenzis Khan, or Napoleon. A military genius of this kind has not yet manifested himself among the Manchus, but pending the coming of her great man China has, at any rate, found a human fiend, her Nana Sahib, in the person of Prince Tuan, father of her "heir apparent," to whom all indications point as the diabolic instigator of the massacre of every European in Peking, over a thousand souls—Ambassadors, Legation guards and staffs, men, gently nurtured ladies, and little children—all brutally done to death, and in the blazing ruins of the British Embassy, "in one red burial blent"—red in a double sense. One could almost wish that some practised writer like Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent, may—with the aid of a Chinese make-up and his knowledge of the language—have escaped to tell us the awful story of the end; and yet it is perhaps better that we should never hear it in all its heartrending details. It would appear that it was to our Embassy, as to another Residency of Lucknow, that all the Europeans retired for common safety and defence; but with the international relieving force locked up in Tientsin, and the blood-thirsty Prince Tuan dominating the situation at Peking, with his hordes of Boxers and Imperial troops, armed with heavy guns, defence was bound to become impossible for long, the more so as the supplies of the doomed little garrison speedily gave out. But it did not die before giving an heroic account of itself, and in one nocturnal sortie alone it managed to kill over two hundred of its

besiegers, described as troops of General Tung-Fu-Hsiang. Then the "mutinous soldiers, with Boxers," according to an official telegram, made a combined attack on the Legation, "bringing cannon and refusing to obey orders"—a phrase probably used by the Peking sender of the message to deceive the outside world into the belief that the Government itself had been doing its best to protect the foreigners. But on the heels of the above-quoted telegram from the Governor of Shantung to Sheng, the Chinese Director of Railways at Shanghai—who made haste to communicate it to the Consular body there—came another message from the same official source which sent a shudder through the heart of the whole civilised world:—"Messenger from Peking, July 8, reports Legation walls breached by Boxers and Tung's cannon. Legation assaulted, and carried with heavy loss. Foreigners' ammunition exhausted. Massacre followed. No foreigner left alive."

### China for the Chinese

It was dreadful to find that Mr. Brodrick, speaking for the Government in the House of Commons, could only reply to a question on the subject by saying:—"We can hardly dare to hope that in substance the reports of the massacre are inaccurate." The only room for doubt would appear to be the quarter where responsibility for the massacre should be fixed or shared. But at present we do not know in whose hands the Government of China really lies—whether in those of Prince Tuan or the Emperor or the Empress-Dowager. There certainly were two parties at Peking—one for protecting the foreigners, the other for annihilating them and securing China for the Chinese, and of this latter faction Prince Tuan was the fanatical and fiendish chief. The Prince himself, said Sheng at Shanghai, gave orders for the heavy guns to be turned on the Legation, and declared that not one foreigner, man, woman, or child, was to be spared.

### International Forces

All the civilised world is now practically at war with China—a war which must be primarily undertaken to wipe out the stains of the innocent blood that has been so foully shed within the precincts of the British Embassy at Peking. If any one still doubts whether Europe is at war with China, let him look to Tientsin, where—and at Taku—a mixed international force of nearly 21,000 combatants is now acting as a first bulwark and breakwater against the surging hordes of yellow savages who threaten to submerge our Occidentalism in the East. The present figures for Taku and Tientsin are:—

	Officers.	Men.
Russia ... ..	149	8,200
Japan ... ..	124	5,100
Gt. Britain ... ..	175	2,400
France ... ..	103	2,400
Germany ... ..	36	1,000
America ... ..	10	1,300

There are also small detachments of Australians and Italians, the gross total being 604 officers and 20,700 men. But, in addition to this force, the massacre of Peking, and the imperious duty of avenging it, will now necessitate the despatch to China of an army variously estimated at from 200,000 to 500,000 men; though, at present, the strength of the various contingents, so far as they are settled, is approximately:—Japan, 50,000; Russia, 50,000; Great Britain, 20,000; Germany, 20,000; Italy, 10,000; France, 15,000; America, 5,000. Various other nations, such as Austria and Holland, have marines amounting to 2,000 or 3,000 in all.

### The Fighting at Tientsin

Thus the fighting in China will have to be on a scale of the first magnitude, and to that fighting the present hostilities at Tientsin form the stirring prelude. From the 5th to the 8th inst. the foreign settlements there were continuously bombarded by the Chinese, while on the 6th a body of 2,000 Boxers, who attacked the French settlement, were driven off by Russian troops. But there is a certain danger inherent in the situation at Tientsin incidental to the lack of unity and cohesion in the various foreign contingents. At the same time these various international forces will soon be cemented by common bloodshed, of which they have already experienced a good deal—having lost 150 killed and wounded on the 11th inst. in successfully repulsing a determined attack on the railway station. Then, again, two days previously, "Japanese troops by flank movement drove enemy out of their position south-west of settlement, capturing four guns; cavalry pursued and completed rout, killing large numbers soldiers and Boxers. Allied Forces shelled and afterwards occupied Western Arsenal. Two guns captured. Arsenal burned, being unable to hold it. Enemy's loss, 350 killed. Casualties of Allied Forces small, details not to hand." One telegram told us of "forts being bombarded for one hour by British and French guns," which had once already belloyed together in the Crimea as afterwards at Taku, while in another engagement "the day's honours rested with the Japanese and Americans." "The losses of the Allied Forces were large" on the day (13th) when they attacked the native city. "The Russians lost 100, including an Artillery colonel. The Americans lost over 30, the British over 40, the Japanese 58, including their colonel, and the French 25," and the worst of it was that the attack, after all, seems to have failed, though a later assault was more successful—indeed, entirely successful, for, according to a despatch from the American Admiral Renny (Seymour having returned to his fleet at Taku), the Allies, after bombarding the forts on Friday, the 13th inst., with forty guns, delivered an assault on them and the Chinese town on the following day, and captured the entire position, though at a loss of 755 in killed and wounded. And yet there are some who uphold the diplomatic fiction that Europe is not in a state of war with China, who, for the rest, has begun a serious counter-attack on her nearest neighbour, Russia, and laid siege to Blagovatchensk, on the Amur, with intent to cut the Siberian line. Moreover, it has now been decided to increase our Indian contingent for the Far East by 6,000 men.

Sir Walter Caine Hillier, the new adviser to the military authorities in China, was born in Hong Kong in 1849, and is the son of the late Mr. C. B. Hillier, one time Consul at Bangkok. Sir Walter Hillier has had a long career in China, extending from the year 1867, when he became a student interpreter. He served in Peking from 1879 to 1889, and in Korea from 1889 to 1896. He then retired and received his K.C.M.G.

## A Medical Officer's Experiences in the South African Campaign

By S. OSBORN

It is rather a difficult matter to say anything fresh about the war in South Africa, and I fear anything I may tell you has already been told before. I went out to the war as chief surgeon, attached to the Van Alen Divisional Field Hospital, and, therefore, my experiences have a good deal to do with the surgical aspect of the campaign, but I do not intend to be drawn into the controversy which is now taking place as to the so-called defective management of the Army Medical Department. A commission has been appointed by Government which will, it is sincerely hoped, find out the rights of those stories. Personally I will state that I believe everything was done that could possibly have been done. The Van Alen Divisional Field Hospital was presented to the Government, and maintained by the philanthropic action of Mr. J. J. Van Alen, an American gentleman, of Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., and consequently we were generally looked upon by the soldiers as an American Hospital, and the personnel supposed to be American also, while, as a matter of fact, we were all Englishmen, except the worthy donor himself, who accompanied us throughout our travels.

military control could not be accomplished until their arriving at the Cape of Good Hope, a matter of importance when discipline had to be maintained. Amongst these second class passengers were some pro-Boers, and as may be supposed the relation between them and the Colonials became somewhat strained. One night, in the rough weather which we encountered in the Bay of Biscay, a large wave swept overboard all the deck chairs belonging to these pro-Boer passengers. It was a very discriminating wave, as it carried over none of those belonging to anyone else. On another occasion these so-called "lambs" made all the second class passengers, ladies'-maids and pro-Boers alike, fall in in single file and march round the saloon, and salute the British flag. One man was, perhaps not unnaturally, rather restive on being called upon to do this, and objected. However, two minutes grace was given him, with the assurance that at the end of that time, if he had not done it, he would be taken by the scruff of his neck and made to kiss it. He naturally thought it better to comply.

When at Madeira I visited the proposed Convalescent Home for wounded officers, which was to be under the management of Miss Faithful. It was situated about 2,000 feet above the sea level. It was a lovely place and very nicely furnished, and even had a lake with rowing boats on it in the grounds. It seemed to me that if wounded soldiers came so far on their way home they might as well go home altogether. This was my opinion at the time, and apparently it has proved correct.

Several men on board were inoculated against typhoid, and it

and the lanyards of the flagstaff breaking away a man swarmed up the mast and tied a Union Jack on to the lightning conductor with a piece of rope. It is gratifying to say that although the crowd paraded the streets till quite a late hour in the evening, no actual breach of the peace took place.

I have visited the hospitals at Wynberg and Rondebosch, and the Portland Hospital, all of which are models of what hospitals ought to be in point of position, equipment, and the skill of their surgical and nursing staffs.

I also visited the private yacht *Rheuma*, the property of Mr. Bullough, who has fitted it up as a convalescent hospital for the soldiers. It certainly was a most luxurious life for Tommy Atkins. Indeed, many visitors have been heard to express some envy for the poor fellows who had been called upon involuntarily to occupy a bed in this beautiful floating home. I also visited the Boer prisoners at Simonstown, a letter of introduction to the Military Commandant, Captain Perkins, having been kindly given me. It was more especially an interesting visit, because it happened to arrive there on the very day on which the tunnel, eighty feet in length, which had been constructed by the Boers as a means of escape, was discovered. Whilst lunching at the officers' mess, a great disturbance was manifest amongst the prisoners, and it was in the removing of the officers' tents to accommodate a greater number of bell tents for the privates that the opening in this tunnel under one of them was discovered. At one time this undoubtedly looked rather ugly, and I thought there might be



During Lord Roberts's march through the Free State, whatever might happen to any one else, Rimington's Scouts, or "Tigers," as they were sometimes called, took very good care not to go hungry; and it was to be noticed that after they had visited the farms lying near the line of march there was not

much left for the next comers. Like Rudyard Kipling's merchantmen, they might have said of their supplies:—"And some we got by purchase, And some we had by trade, And some we found by courtesy of pike and cannonade."

WITH RIMINGTON'S TIGERS IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY; SUPPLEMENTING THE COMMISSARIAT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

We left England early in the year on the ss. *Norman*, accompanied by the Bucks and Perks contingents of the Imperial Yeomanry, under the command of Lord Chesham. I did not then know, as we only received our marching orders on arriving at the Cape, that our Field Hospital would have the surgical care of these men at the front; and as a Bucks man it gave me great pleasure that it was so. The journey out to Madeira was an exceptionally rough one, and one poor fellow was washed down on deck and broke his leg, besides the quarter-master having his head cut open. His being landed wounded at Madeira without any of the glory of the campaign was to him a bitter disappointment, and he was carried on the ambulance over the ship's side in tears.

The Imperial Yeomanry were berthed in the foremost hold, and their first experience of a trooper's life was an awful one to many of them accustomed to good homes and a comfortable bringing-up. Packed together like sardines in a tin, the majority helplessly seasick, and with the sea washing down upon them, their situation could not have been more uncomfortable. This was a very great trial to their patriotism. Two of them told me that if they had known what it would have been like they would have paid their own passage out. We had also a number of Lord Loch's contingent, who were called "Loch's Lambs," because, I suppose, they were so very unlamblike. They were enlisted from former Colonial residents, and were of all others most loyal to Queen and country, and travelled out to the Cape with the second class passengers. Being Colonials, their enrolment as soldiers and placing under

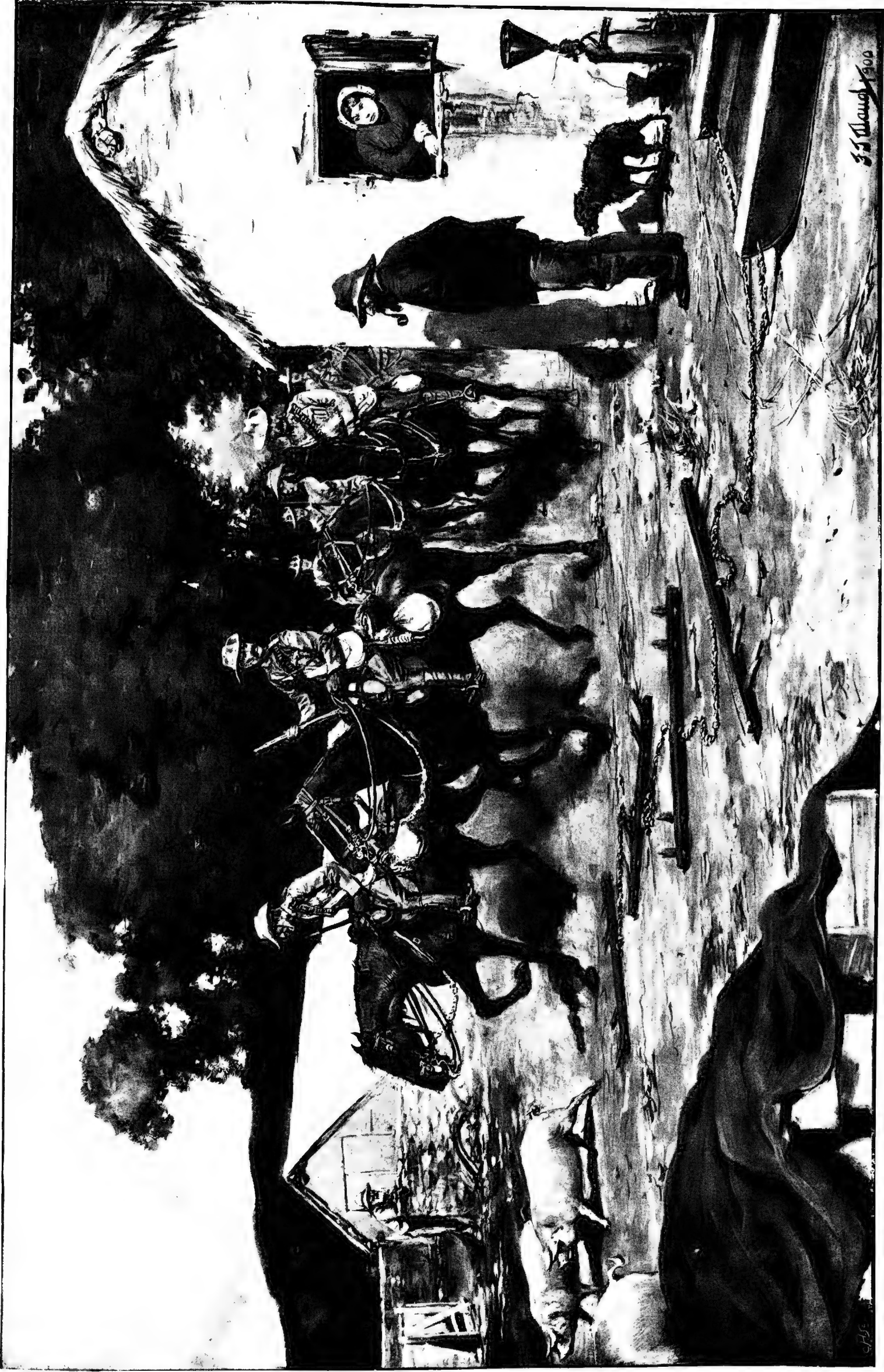
played sad havoc amongst some of them. One officer was delirious the whole of the night, so it is not such an innocent affair as would appear. Nearly all had elevation of their temperature, and several of the soldiers absolutely refused to have "that stuff put into them." On arriving at Cape Town I put up at the Mount Nelson Hotel. It was a very charming residence, and almost as fashionable as Shepherd's at Cairo. The central hall, with all the fashionable and highly dressed ladies sitting about, and officers in uniform and with excellent instrumental music playing, was everything that one could desire. One could hardly suppose that we were in a country where war was going on, and I was very glad when the time came for me to proceed to the front.

The enthusiasm at Cape Town on the relief of Ladysmith was intense. The crowd marched through its streets with flags in their hands, and at times their attitude to the offices of the papers having Boer sympathies was somewhat hostile. On arriving outside Parliament House one man placed a flag in the hands of the Queen's statue. They then angrily demanded that the Union Jack should be run up on the top of the building where it had not been placed for some very long time. There was some hesitation for a time to comply with this request, and it looked ominously as if all the windows would be broken.

A gentleman appeared on the balcony and informed the crowd that a Union Jack was not in the building, but one had been sent for, and would be hoisted as soon as possible. The crowd did not wait for this, but stormed the building, rushed in and got on to the roof,

occasion of an outbreak among them. When going round the camp with the officer in charge I expressed my astonishment at these Boers being allowed axes and hatchets for the chopping up of their daily supply of wood, because these instruments would have been very ugly weapons in the case of any sudden outburst, as well as forming very useful implements for demolishing the barbed wire fencing which surrounded the camp. I then took a sailing boat and visited the prisoners out in the Bay. Here the men certainly looked most surly and bad tempered, and not nearly so cheerful and agreeable as those on shore. If putting them on board ship was intended as part of their punishment, it undoubtedly was to them a severe one. Never having been on the sea, and, in some instances, never having seen it before, to be stationed on a boat and subjected to the constant movement, was a sore trial to many of them. When on shore I spoke to an old quartermaster of the Royal Navy about this and he said, "Oh, it will do them good, sir. If I had my way I would have the ships anchored outside the breakwater, where they would get a little more of it."

When we eventually started for Kimberley I was glad that we went by a regimental train and not by the ordinary service train, as by that means we left by daylight, and I could see the country outside Cape Town. At the railway the Mayor and Corporation of Cape Town supplied to every soldier paper and envelopes, two boxes of matches, bags of biscuits and grapes, as well as cigarettes; and lime juice was served out in pails and wash-hand jugs *ad libitum*. Really everything was done that could possibly be done for the



DRAWN BY J. J. WAUGH

A Correspondent writes: "A great deal of tact and judgment is requisite when patrolling the farms of suspected rebels. These men appear to be the most accomplished liars,

and whether they are asked to give up their arms or to supply forage, the response is always unsatisfactory. In the first case the man usually gives up an old out-of-date gun, and his

Mausier has to be searched for; and in the latter, he always protests that he has nothing to sell, but a search generally reveals an abundance of cattle and fowl."

WITH BETHUNE'S MOUNTED INFANTRY IN THE UMVOTI COUNTRY: PATROLLING SUSPECTED REBELS' FARMS

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

33 Maundy 1900

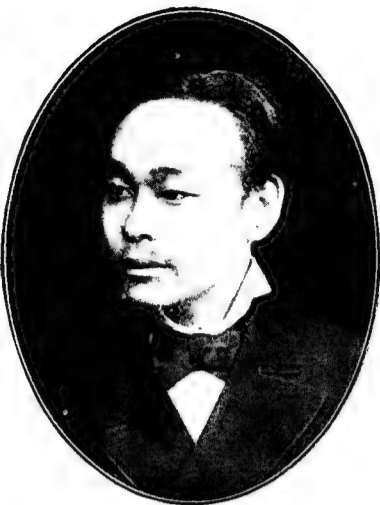
Tommy's and officers proceeding up to the front. To show you how well everything was done, we had a time-table given to us of all the stations where we stopped, and printed on it the names of places where we were to have our meals supplied to us. Just outside Cape Town I thought it was the most awful country I had ever seen. One might just as well live in a brick kiln: no trees, all rocks and sand. I could not understand why we should be so anxious to possess more of a country like this. The line on either side going up to Kimberley was strewn at intervals with broken beer bottles, showing Tommy's favourite beverage and his course up to the front. The Royal Canadian Field Artillery were in the train going up with us, and a very nice lot of men they were. It was to our great regret that they had to dismount at Victoria Road West, as we heard the rebels were giving a great deal of trouble on the west side, and Lord Kitchener, whom we met on De Aar platform, was going to punish these men who had risen in revolt in our rear.

One great trouble we found in proceeding in our train was having three truckloads of mules in front of us, as the rapid passage of the train carried anything but an agreeable odour to us in the open Pullman carriages behind. Their presence also between us and the engine broke the connection of the electric current, and we had at night-time to illumine the darkness by means of candles stuck on the table by means of melted wax. The oppressive heat made open places at the end of the cars quite cool, but dangerous sleeping-places, and it was thus that a hospital orderly, named Sergeant Vassie, met his death.

(To be continued)

### The Peking Massacre

M. MICHEL DE GIERS, the Russian Minister at Peking, was a brother of M. Nicholas de Giers, formerly Councillor of Embassy at Paris, and now Minister in Brussels. Both are sons of the late Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. de Giers was sent to



BARON NISHI  
Japanese Minister at Peking



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHIBA  
Military Attaché to the Japanese Legation in Peking



M. MICHEL DE GIERS  
Russian Minister at Peking



MRS. CONGER  
Wife of the United States Minister in Peking



MISS CONGER  
Daughter of the United States Minister in Peking



MR. E. H. CONGER  
United States Minister in Peking

#### REPORTED VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE

Peking in 1898 to succeed M. Pavloff, whose quarrels with Sir Claude Macdonald threatened at one time to produce a serious crisis in the Far East. M. de Giers was instructed to pursue a conciliatory policy towards the British Legation, and it is understood that after his arrival in the Chinese capital the relations of the two Legations were more harmonious. M. de Giers was a promising diplomatist, and he had graduated in most of the European capitals, where he had left the pleasantest recollections.

Mr. Edwin H. Conger, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Court of Peking, sent to China to represent American interests in succession to Mr.

relations between Japan and Germany Baron Nishi was Foreign Minister at Yokohama. Soon after resigning his post he was appointed Minister to China.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shiba was Military Attaché at the Japanese Legation, and an officer of wide experience.

Of the more prominent members in the group which we publish there is little that need now be said. They include Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald, one of their two children, and Miss Cairns-Armstrong (Lady Macdonald's sister). Mr. G. H. O. Bax-Ironside is the first Secretary of the Legation. The Hon. Hugh Grosvenor was the second Secretary when our photograph was taken but was afterwards

Mr. C. C. A. Kirke   Mr. A. J. Flaherty   Mr. W. P. Thomas   Mr. G. P. Peachey   Mr. C. A. W. Rose   Mr. L. G. C. Graham   Mr. W. M. Hewlett   Mr. J. G. Hancock  
Mr. H. H. Bristow   Mr. H. Porter   Mr. W. P. M. Russell   Mr. H. Phillips   Mr. D. Oliphant   Mr. S. Barton



Captain Wylie   Mr. C. W. Campbell   Mr. R. T. Feblitt   Mr. J. T. Pratt   Mr. J. L. Smith   Mr. H. E. Sly   Mr. G. W. Pearson   Mr. B. G. Tours   Mr. H. E. Fulford  
Miss Ivy   Hon. Hugh Grosvenor   Mrs. Fulford   Sir Claude Macdonald   Lady Macdonald   Mr. G. H. Bax-Ironside   Mrs. Tours

SIR CLAUDE AND LADY MACDONALD AND THE STAFF AND GUARD OF THE BRITISH LEGATION  
THE MASSACRE IN PEKING



THE GUARD AND ARMED STUDENT INTERPRETERS OUTSIDE THE BRITISH LEGATION

replaced by Mr. H. G. Nevill Dering, the second son of Sir Henry Nevill Dering, Her Majesty's Minister to Mexico. Mr. Berthoud Tours was Chief Accountant. His brief career has been wholly spent in China, and he had discharged the duties of Accountant at Peking since May 19, 1899. Mrs. Tours and their child are stated to have been in Peking. Mr. David Oliphant, of St. Andrews, went to China as student interpreter in 1898. Mr. Wilmot Peregrine Maitland Russell was appointed in 1898. Mr. H. H. Bristow was the son of Mr. Henry Barnes Bristow, a distinguished member of Her Majesty's Consular Service in China.

Certain changes have been made in the little body of student interpreters since our photograph was taken, and some half a dozen were thought to be absent from the city at the time of the massacre. Some of the more interesting glimpses we have had of the events which immediately preceded the trouble have come from private letters sent by these student interpreters, who, it is quite evident, had been arming, drilling, and preparing for the worst, without in the least anticipating how bad that worst might be. That they gave a good account of themselves in the supreme crisis one can well believe. Mr. J. G. Hancock, for example, writing to his father, Mr. Walter H. E. Hancock, on May 21, in a letter published in *The Daily Graphic*, says:—

We have had the Admiral and several officers up here last week. The Boxer nuisance is beginning to spread, and there was a talk of having a guard up here, but I hear to-day that it has been decided not to have one after all.

On May 27 he adds:—

To-night we are in a state of siege. The Boxers have got as far as Feng-tai, where they have destroyed the machine works, and we are cut off from

communication with Tientsin. A guard has been wired for, but it will not reach us till to-morrow or the day after. We are all to sleep in the chief's house to-night, and a row is evidently expected. We are taking in all our weapons, and all Britishers will probably join us. We went for a ride this afternoon and met with a few remarks of "foreign devils" and so forth. Christian converts are flocking into Peking. I am on guard from 4 to 6 a.m. Awful sleepy sort of hour. Will finish mail to-morrow, but no trains are running, so that I daresay I shall miss this week.

More interesting because it went into greater detail was a letter in the *Times*, dated June 10 and 11, which brought the narrative of events almost up to date. The Boxers have been getting more "cheeky" every day, writes this cheery young Englishman, who is evidently in the best of spirits. He alludes to all the ladies being sent to the Legation by Sir Robert Hart, and only their presence spoils his anticipation of the "fun" about to begin. He writes:—

A Minister of the Tsung-li-Yamen to-day told — that the Empress Dowager had come in this afternoon from the summer palace in a towering rage at the high-handed way in which the foreigners had been bossing things up here, that she had taken the bit between her teeth, and was not going to lump it any longer, and, with her nine or ten thousand soldiers at her back, had decreed that every foreigner in Peking was to be massacred to-night. . . . Nearly every unattached Britisher has been ordered in here, and we are all in a state of great excitement. We have, of course, all had Martinis and ammunition served out to us, and have all had our posts assigned in case of attack for the last fortnight, and to-night everybody is fairly on the *qui vive*. Our Legation ladies are A 1, just as plucky as possible. We have a good many foreign marines up here altogether, but the foreign Legations and so on are too much scattered to be easily defended. . . . We are all well armed, and, with our marines and their Maxims, will be able to give them a jolly poor time, but I do not see how we can hold out for any time against a large force. . . . We are provisioned for a week's siege, but I think we would have some difficulty in keeping the beggars out in case of an organised attack. . . . It is all jolly good fun for us young chaps, and we would none of us be out of it for worlds, but it is different for the ladies and children.

Herr von der Goltz, Secretary and Interpreter to the German Legation in Peking, gave a representative of the *Neue Freie Presse* some particulars of a letter received a few days ago in London from Lady Macdonald, wife of the English Minister. In this letter Lady Macdonald said the situation had become very dangerous. Old Chinese domestics who had been engaged at the British Legation for over twenty years, suddenly began to use threatening and impertinent language. Herr von der Goltz had heard that the wife and daughter of M. de Giers had left Peking in May; but, unfortunately, there seems little doubt that the German ladies, and more especially the Baroness von Ketteler, were at the Legation. It is reported that Lady Macdonald, on taking leave of a lady in one of the western counties who alluded to the perils of Peking, said:— "Claude always carries a revolver, and will not hesitate to use it both for me and himself if the worst comes to the worst. We know something of the Chinese, and shall therefore always be prepared to evade their cruelties." Mr. Henry Cockburn, C.B., the Chinese Secretary, does not appear in the group. He only married last October, and his wife is thought to have been with him. Outside the immediate circle of the Legation the two most striking personalities in Peking, whose loss we have to deplore, are Sir Robert Hart, the able Director-General of the Chinese Imperial Customs, and the most powerful and far-seeing administrator in the Far East, and Dr. Morrison, the brilliant correspondent of the *Times*, whose "intelligent anticipation of events" has been testified to more than once by our own Foreign Office.

THE STUDENT INTERPRETERS AT THE BRITISH LEGATION  
THE MASSACRE AT PEKING

# IN THE LAND OF THE YELLOW DRAGON



A GATE IN PEKING AND PART OF THE CITY WALL



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

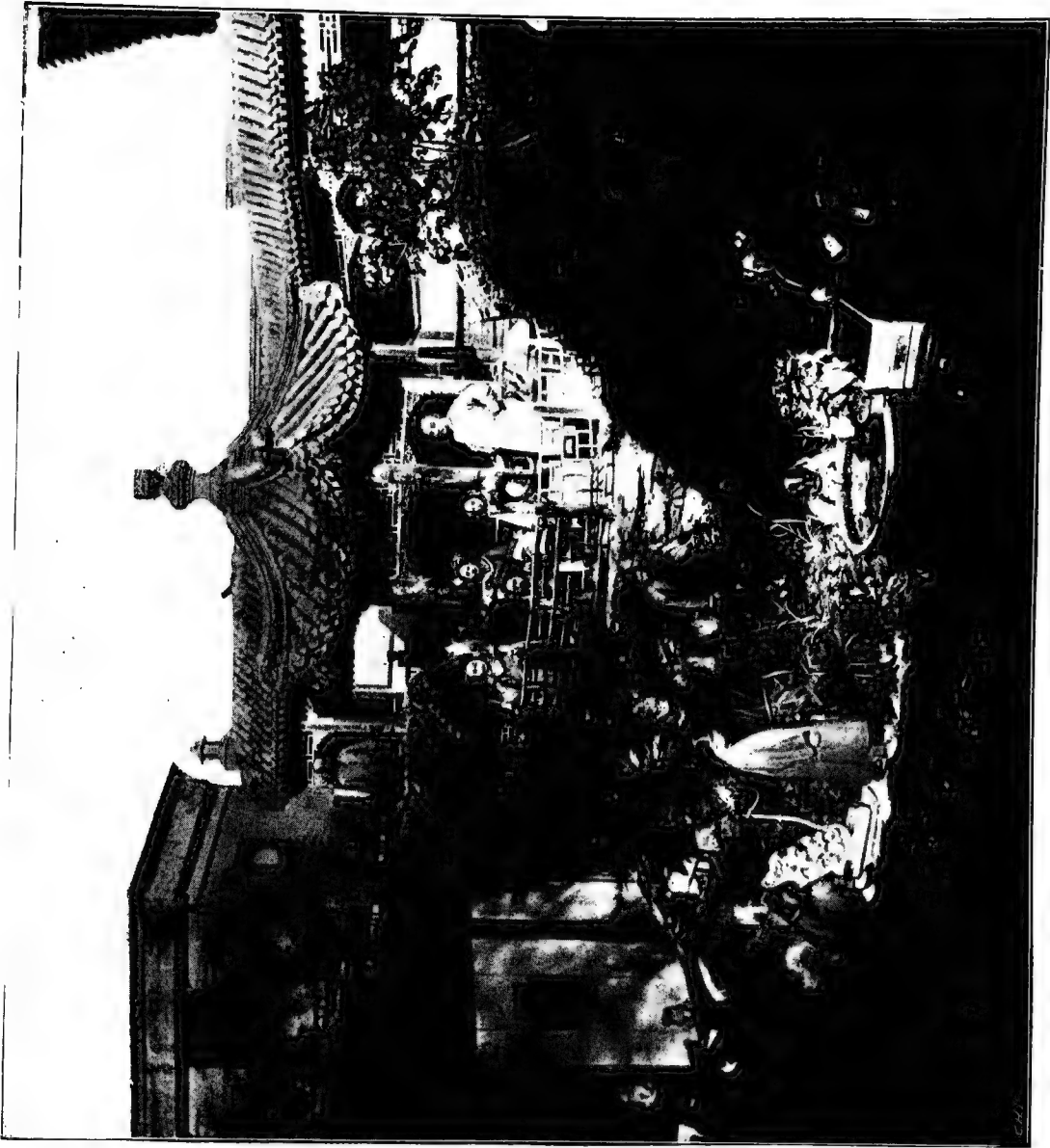
A Correspondent writes:—"It is customary to refer to the *entourage* of a mandarin of high official rank as 'rag, tag, and bobtail' (one may add pigtail). This, however, is barely fair, for with some squalor and shabbiness in the get-up of his pheasant-feathered licitor and others, there is also magnificence, neatness, and fine colour in the dress of others. China is a land of rigid and philosophic etiquette and benignity,

qualified by ingenious subterfuge; for instance, the person with the chequered screen by the side of the chair is the mandarin's excuse for not recognising inconvenient attentions. The small mortars are in the act of saluting, and are, apparently, not deemed too trustworthy by some of the staff."

AN OFFICIAL VISIT BY A CELESTIAL MANDARIN



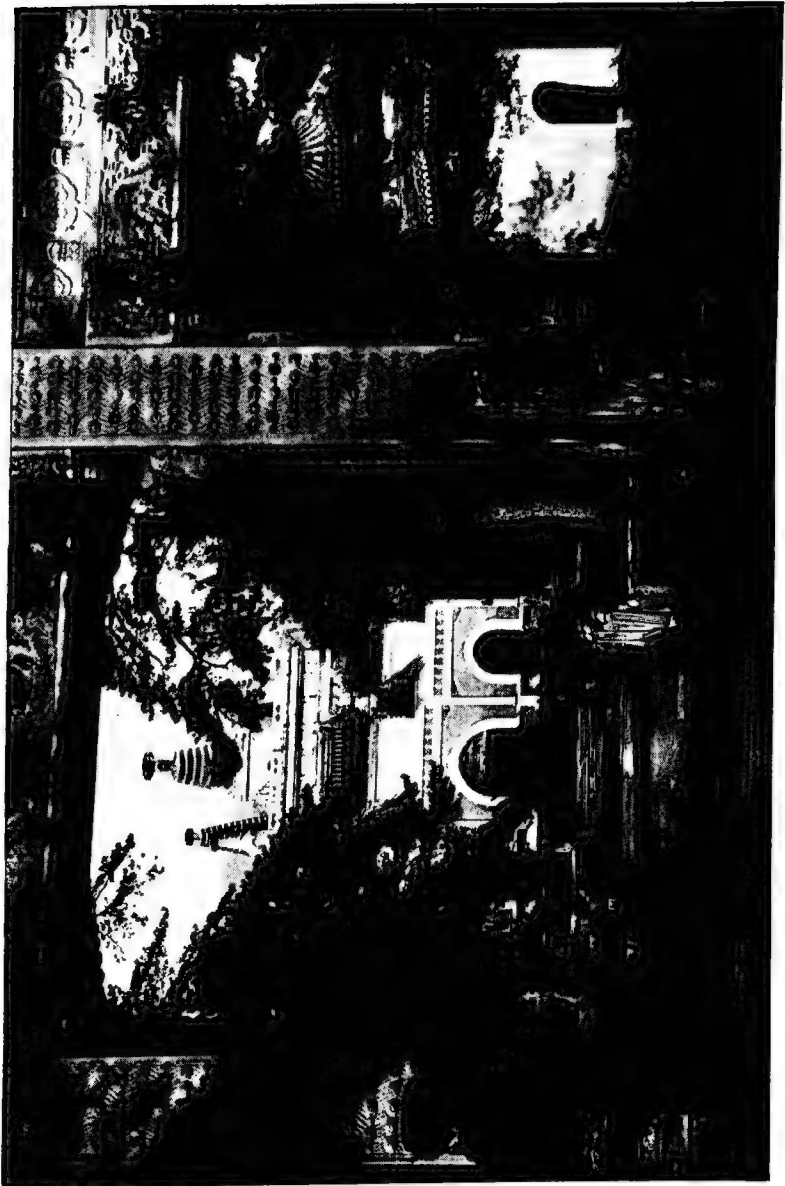
From a Photograph by J. Thomson  
CHINESE STREET INDUSTRIES: A SCENE IN KINKIANG



From a Photograph by J. Thomson  
A MANDARIN'S HOUSE IN PEKING



From a Photograph by J. Thomson  
THE ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE CLASSICS, PEKING



From a Photograph by J. Thomson  
THE TEMPLE AT THE EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE, NEAR PEKING



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson  
CHIN TAN RAPID AND GORGE IN THE UPPER YANGTSE VALLEY

### Street Life in Peking

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

IN most Chinese cities the streets are very narrow, and especially in the south—for instance, in Canton. It is possible in many cases for anyone standing in the middle of these streets to stretch out his arms and touch the walls on either side. In Peking, however, the main thoroughfares are well over 100 feet wide, and were originally much wider, the shops having crept forward on either side.

The pleasantest way to see Peking is from the great outer wall. There are great waste spaces, especially in the southern part of the Chinese city, and all the large houses and palaces have enclosed courts and compounds with fine trees. From the wall, too, can be seen the pleasure-grounds of the Emperor inside the Imperial City, but without the Purple or Forbidden City. The eye, therefore, ranges over a vista of brilliant colouring. The yellow-tiled roofs of temples and the green ones of palaces, the rich green of trees, and an occasional bright patch of colour made by a flowering shrub, the



EASY TRAVELLING

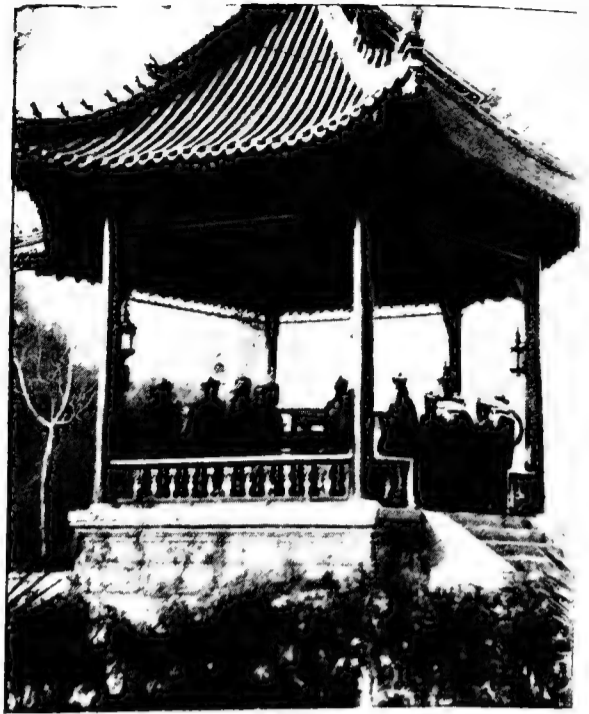
quaint shapes of pagodas, the distant glimpse of water in the Imperial pleasure-grounds—all make a panorama of great beauty, and over all hangs the wonderful oriental sky, deep sapphire, against which flash the white wings of the pigeons that are for ever whirling round the walls and towers of Peking. The sounds of the city, blended harmoniously into a buzzing as of bees in a summer wood, rise to our ears; every now and then a shrill cry of some street seller or the jangle of bells rises above the murmur, while over our heads is the sweet, sad, Aeolian-harp-like fluting from the reeds which are fastened to the pigeons' tails.

If this were our first and last glimpse of Peking we should carry away a very false impression. Let us descend into the streets, and mingle with the busy crowd of the Chinese City.

Disillusion awaits us; but when the first feeling of disappointment has worn off we shall find a deep interest in the life around us. The general impression is of dust and dinginess. We must walk with care, for the roads are not paved, and are covered with holes. Say that we desire to purchase fans, pipes—anything in fact, for we need not limit our desires. We can buy almost anything we may want without difficulty in the well-stored shops, not excluding articles of Manchester and Birmingham manufacture. We find that the fans have a quarter to themselves, and we make our way thither through the busy crowd. Here and there our path is blocked by little clusters of people who are standing round a story-teller or cheap-jack, or perhaps a comedian or singer. No trace of the interest they feel is shown on their impassive yellow faces; their dark eyes alone twinkle appreciatively now and then.

We are accosted as we pass along by innumerable itinerant sellers, with long strings of multi-coloured ribbons and tape, fruit and flowers, wood and charcoal. The street is lined besides with booths, huts, and stalls, where a busy crowd is turning over old clothes, shoes, and many other things; altogether the scene is lively and animated.

Here comes a cook, with a tiny restaurant on his shoulder, from which he will produce and sell us a hot lunch for a farthing and a dinner for a penny! He cries aloud with a peculiar sound, as do all the peddlers of various kinds. A string of camels winds wearily along with the jangle of a deep-toned bell, their Mongol driver yelling to his dusty, tired-looking beasts. A brilliant procession approaches and passes by with much noise and talking and comment of the crowd. In the centre is a red sedan chair, borne by four men whose caps have red tassels. Other men with similar



The band in the background, at the Hall  
From a photograph by E. H. C. C. C.  
A NATIVE BAND IN THE STAND AT TIAN-SIN

caps and embroidered robes, carry poles, and torches and red umbrellas, and there is a string of drums and a ringing of brass instruments. It is a wedding procession, and the little bride, the bride of the day, and the bride of the night, are in state another. It is always the sign of a wedding in China.

Peking is a city of wonders and marvels, and it is not their something covered with white marble, then a white marble, and white flowers and banners are borne, and a white china, who has a sensitive dislike to such an appearance, and all one word as "funeral," will tell you that it is a white chair.

Chinese ladies are seldom seen abroad, and when walking the rough roads would be impossible to see them, for their hand feet ("Golden Lilies," as they are called) are not worn, and it is not to be seen abroad. The intense conservatism of the Chinese is illustrated by their intolerance of the fact that their Emperors and Court ladies, and the Manchus, have never had their feet. The Manchus have, however, been seen abroad, but a rule they ride in chairs or litters.



王太史胡說儒之女

Me-7  
Die To...  
W. Allers 7/1/98

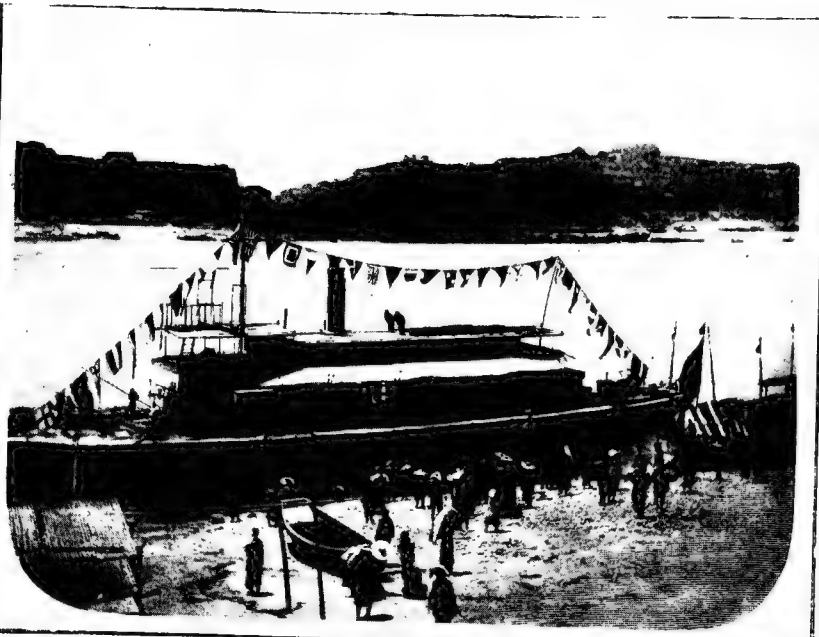
A MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER  
DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS



湖北武昌李昌

W. Allers 7/1/98

A MANDARIN'S SON  
DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson

THE WINDBOX GORGE IN THE UPPER YANGTSE: THE EASTERN END

From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson

H.M.S. "WOODLARK": THE FIRST BOAT TO STEAM UP THE YANGTSE TO CHUNGKING WITHOUT TOWING

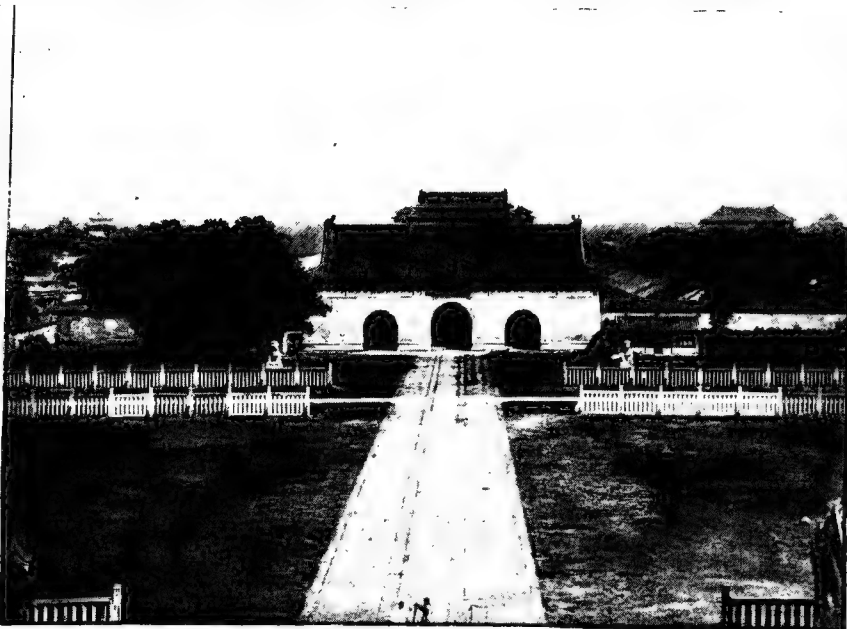


A PAI-LO, OR MEMORIAL ARCH, BETWEEN THE TARTAR AND CHINESE CITIES, PEKING



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson

THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PEKING



From a Photograph by the Rev. J. Davidson

THE ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKING



THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

HER MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT THE ROYAL PAVILION

DRAWN BY L. S. HALL



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. B. GROGAN  
Killed at Ficksburg



THE LATE LIEUT. C. H. B. ADAMS-WYLIE  
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT H. PICKARD  
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE COLONEL SPENCE  
Killed near Douglas



THE LATE LIEUTENANT G. H. MATTHEWS  
Died of wounds at Johannesburg



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT P. C. SHAW  
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT VERE H. A. AWDRY  
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT B. J. HORLEY  
Killed at Roodeval

### Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT P. C. SHAW, who died at Bloemfontein of enteric on 28th inst., obtained his lieutenant's commission in the 3rd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers (South Cork Militia) in October, 1899. Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover.

Lieutenant V. H. A. Awdry, of the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, whose death has just been confirmed, died at Spion Kop. He was the only son of the late Major Ambrose Awdry, Royal Engineers. He had distinguished himself in the actions fought on January 20 and 21. Our photograph is by B. Edelstein and Co., Cairo.

Lieutenant G. H. Matthews, of the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, died of wounds at Johannesburg. Our portrait is by E. Hamilton Toovey, Jersey.

Lieutenant Harry Pickard, of Roberts's Horse, died of enteric fever at Bloemfontein. Our portrait is by Charles Sweet, Rotherham.

Colonel Spence, commanding the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, was killed near Douglas, South Africa, on May 30, in an engagement under the command of Sir Charles Warren. Colonel Spence was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst, and served with the 77th Middlesex Regiment from 1863 to 1875, when he retired and settled for a time in New Zealand, where he took up an appointment as adjutant of the Volunteer Force. In 1887 he went to Cape Town, where he held a similar appointment in the Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteer Rifles. In December, 1898, he received command of the corps, at the head of which he served all through the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1897.

Captain Edward Bury Grogan, of the 1st Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, was killed at Ficksburg on June 25. He obtained his captaincy on February 11, 1891, having been appointed lieutenant on May 14, 1884. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Second Lieutenant B. J. Horley, of the 4th Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, was killed in action at Roodeval, in the Orange River Colony. He only received his commission December 15 last. Our portrait is by Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Lieutenant C. H. B. Adams-Wylie, of the Indian Medical Service, died of enteric at Bloemfontein on June 2. He was sent out to South Africa on special service on account of his good work in Bombay during the plague. Not only did he serve as a plague volunteer, but he offered three days' provisions to each person who would come forward to be inoculated—providing the same out of his own private income. Over eight thousand persons accepted this charity, and then an order to proceed to South Africa stopped his work, and he sailed in medical charge of Indian remounts, a young officer with only one year's service. From the time he left India, January 28, till the day he went into hospital, he did not have a single death among the many hundreds of natives under his charge. He volunteered for sanitary work in this extremely unhealthy city, and is supposed to have contracted the fatal disease in carrying out his self-sought duties. Our portrait is by Deale, Bloemfontein.

There are no women to be seen in tea or other shops in Peking, but here and there we see little groups of the very poor, who make a living by going from house to house to mend clothes. They perform their task sitting by the side of the road. One never sees waste paper blowing about the dusty streets of Peking, or, indeed, lying loose anywhere. The respect for written characters is such that every fragment of paper is collected and carefully burnt.

The shops are not attractive, nor bright and picturesque. They are huddled close together, and—like almost all houses in Peking, only one story high—they practically consist of a small room, whose front is open to the street in daytime, and closed with heavy bars at night. The goods are arranged round the room on shelves, or in drawers, and not displayed. The bargaining which goes on in these shops over a curio, a bit of porcelain, or silk embroidery, lasts sometimes for weeks, the would-be purchaser returning again and again. As the Chinese proverb hath it: "When the seller cheats up to heaven in the price he asks, you cheat down to earth in the price you offer." If, therefore, we would obtain our fan at its correct market value (or something approaching it) we must display no haste or eagerness.

No description of street life in Peking, however incomplete, could pass over the beggars who abound everywhere, and are the dirtiest, most diseased, and most impudent of their kind. A string of blind beggars, holding on to each other's rags and tapping their way along, is a pathetic and common sight, but there are shoals of others less pitiable, who attack every respectable passer-by, and will congregate in front of a shop and prevent purchasers from entering, unless they are bought off by the owner.

Very fine arches were thrown over the wider streets, where they crossed each other, by the original Chinese builders, and an example of such architecture may be seen in the arch between the Chinese and Tartar cities, which are divided by a wall. A building which is of great importance in the literary life of China is the Examination Hall, of the entrance to which a photograph is given. In this hall the examinations take place for the degrees of LL.D. and M.A., and as these only take place every three years a very large number of candidates present themselves. No less than 17,000 graduates competed at one examination for 380 degrees! Each graduate is immured for the day in a little cell, with food and water, and a high tower in the centre overlooks them all. Despite these elaborate precautions a great deal of cheating and trickery goes on. The Roman Catholics, whose record in Peking dates back to early times, have a handsome cathedral and an interesting cemetery where lie buried the earliest of the Jesuit fathers, who were in high favour with the Emperor, and introduced into China many Western improvements, especially in the sciences of astronomy, mathematics, and geography.

It is impossible here to give any account of other interesting buildings in Peking, but mention must be made of the Observatory, established in 1279 by Kublai Khan, where can still be seen many of the original instruments.



After the storming of Almond's Nek the Boers evacuated Laing's Nek and Majuba. When our men reached Laing's Nek, about 150 yards of each end of the tunnel were found to have been blown in by the enemy. The debris was lying about in heaps, but the line was otherwise uninjured. Our photograph is by J. Ferguson

LAING'S NEK TUNNEL, SHOWING THE NORTH END BLOWN UP

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE Queen's Garden Party, with Her Majesty's usual good fortune in the matter of weather, was favoured by brilliant sunshine. It fell on one of the few really hot days of the season, and proved perfect for the display of ethereal summer dresses. Nearly all the Royalties wore black or white, or a mixture of the two; in fact, black and white were the predominating hues, and, indeed, in a garden, under the shade of green trees, and surrounded by brilliant flowers, nothing can be more effective. Here and there gay colours shone out, Lady de Ramsey in pale green, Lady Charles Beresford in gorgeous yellow, Lady Yarborough also in yellow, and a few others in pink brightened the company of black and white dresses, while some Oriental magnates and Indian attendants gave the ideal note of colour to the scene. Were the weather only propitious, how agreeable it would be to discard crowded and stuffy rooms for the future, and conduct all entertainments in tents or under the sweet canopy of heaven. The Queen's example, and her great love of fresh air, has, indeed, caused an inclination in this direction. Let us hope that open-air fêtes may always increase in popularity—the effect is so pretty.

Now that Lady Constance Mackenzie has, for the second year in succession, won the championship shield of the Bath Club Amateur Ladies' Swimming Society, and proved her dexterity in feats of grace and skill, one may trust that swimming as an art will attract more notice from mothers. To swim is not only the most healthy and invigorating exercise in the world, but it is a most useful and necessary accomplishment both for boys and girls. How few ordinary people can swim, or, if they can swim at all, would be able to save their own or another's life? At our seaside resorts it is pitiful to see the women bathing, bobbing up and down like corks in two feet of water, and losing half the enjoyment of the sea-bath. To dive, to plunge, to float, to swim, is entirely out of their power. Indeed, there are no proper instructors, as a rule, or means of acquiring the art. Swimming ought to be as compulsory as learning to read and write, for the earlier a child learns the better he acquires the art. I know two children, one of six and one of four, who swim like ducks.

Has any one noticed the clouds of dust raised by a motor car? The other day one in which were a company of ladies and gentlemen passed me rather quickly, the street was immediately filled with a dense column of dust which did not subside for some minutes. Now all this dust, which is full of microbes, must add a new danger to the dwellers in towns. It is pleasant enough, no doubt, for the owners of motor cars who skim quickly through the air, but what about the poor pedestrians who inhale the evil smells and the foul clouds of dust they leave behind them?

Curiously enough, though the summer has been exceptionally inclement, never have strawberries been finer or more plentiful. Roses too have attained a pitch of rare perfection, as was exemplified at the Rose Show at the Crystal Palace, where the blooms were noted as exceptionally fine, the prize rose, Susanne Marie Rovocanachi, shown by an Irish nurseryman, exceeding in splendour everything grown previously. Wild flowers too have been very brilliant this year. The country now is in some places a mass of red poppies, the clarity and brilliance of which make the corn fields glow as with fire.

Will the fact of Orientals receiving their education in England cause any real change in their feelings and prejudices, I wonder? The Crown Prince of Siam, for instance, has been already six years at school and college in England, and remains till he is twenty-one. How will this long sojourn affect his disposition and his hereditary tendencies? Perhaps it may only result in making him neither a good Englishman nor a good Siamese. At any rate it ought to dispel a great many of the ridiculous stories and prejudices about us which are still believed in Eastern countries. The Crown Prince appears very gay and amiable, as indeed do most of his nation. He has been staying at Broadstairs, and intends to take a shooting-box in Scotland for the autumn.

While the seaside is now abundantly supplied with good mansions and hotels, the country still leaves much to be desired. One does not always wish to be by the sea: sometimes it is too cold, too boisterous, too glaring; but the country is always green and pleasant. Innumerable lovely spots in Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and the Midlands would tempt us, only there is nowhere to stay. No pretty little inn, with clean wall-papers and modern furniture, snowy carpet and possible cooking. Feather beds, early Victorian and remarkably dirty furniture and carpets, and a greasy cuisine, drive away all and sundry, except those whose duty it is to go to these places. Surely clean, simple, moderate-priced inns might succeed. If properly managed inns existed where travellers, motorists, or bicyclists could stop, they would rapidly acquire a clientele of their own, and fill what is now a very decided want.

It seems the question of admitting ladies to the rifle club at Oatfield has arisen. And why not, may one ask? Surely not so very many ladies wish to practise with the rifle; but if they do there is no possible reason for putting difficulties in their way. That ladies enjoy shooting, and are no mean adepts at it, is proved every day. The latest and most brilliant example is afforded by Mrs. Savory, whose book on shooting and sport in India makes remarkably fascinating reading.

One would be sorry to copy any of the Chinese habits and customs, yet I cannot help thinking that the practice of the diplomatic barber in Peking might be adopted here with advantage, and would save much heartburning and misery among the people who try to live up to means they do not possess. This striving to keep up appearances is the bane of life, but the Chinese barber solved the question in the simplest possible manner. He invented a rigid scale of prices for each diplomat and foreigner according to their rank, plenipotentiaries, chargé

d'affaires, attachés, missionaries, students, secretaries, and so forth. Very much the same practice used to prevail in the restaurants of Italy, where the host charged each man according to what was presumed to be the length of his purse. In fact, instead of resenting a high price, it was considered to mean a compliment, for it implied a man of means, such as the English milord was always considered to be.

### New Books

"THINGS SEEN"

"THINGS SEEN" (Blackwood) consists of reprints of a number of articles from *Blackwood*, the *New Review*, the *National Observer*, and the *Daily Mail*, by the late G. W. Steevens, and forms the first volume of the "Memorial Edition" of his works. The papers are edited by Mr. G. S. Street, who is to be congratulated upon the admirable and representative selection he has made. They include essays on "Zola," "The New Humanitarianism," "The Dreyfus Case," and amongst others, a wonderfully clever article, entitled "Mr. Balfour's Philosophy," all of which establish without doubt the wonderful versatility of the writer. Mr. W. E. Henley contributes an excellent "Appreciation" of the gifted war-correspondent, in which, in speaking of his writings, he says:—"But I do not think that any of these achievements in realisation and presentation show us anything of their author's best. Does a man's best ever get into his printed work? Brains apart," he continues, "assuredly the best of our dear George Steevens is not in his books. For one thing, he saw too easily, and wrote too brilliantly—he filled his editor's bill

too well." There is no doubt that Steevens's best, had he lived, would have come later. Journalistic work, although it brought him a reputation earlier, prevented him attaining the high position in literature that was his due. As Mr. Henley says:—"He wrote for a round million, at least, of readers, and whatever he did for them was so well done that, when the million had found it good, he could appeal to the five thousand, or the five hundred, behind the million—even the five thousand, or the five hundred, who knew—and count on their plaudits also. To his friends it was a great joy to see him thus conspicuous, and to know that all the while he was accomplishing himself, and through journalism making ready for the literature that in the long run was to be his sole employ." In fact, Steevens's reputation rests not so much upon what he did, but what he would have done had he lived.

### UNDER QUEEN AND KHEWIVE

Sir Walter Miéville was lucky enough to take that tide in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune—or the reverse—at the flood, and he rose in a comparatively short time from the position of bank clerk at 60*l.* a year to that of President of the Quarantine Board of Egypt, one of the most responsible positions in the Anglo-Egyptian service. In his autobiography, which he entitles "Under Queen and Khedive" (Heinemann), he gives the story of how, without influence, and by his own individual efforts, he was able to force his way to the front. After two years at a bank in London, young Miéville was offered and accepted a clerkship in the Chief Consular Court for Egypt, with a salary of 150*l.*, rising 10*l.* a year to 200*l.* In order to eke out his meagre pay he took up "copying records" for suitors who appealed from the Consular Court to the Supreme Court at Constantinople. He also acted as

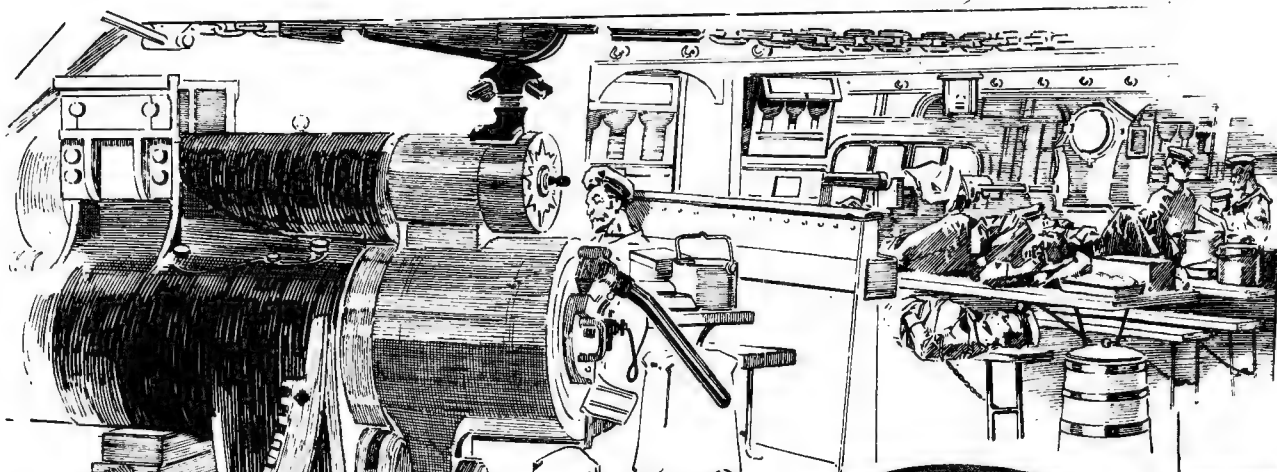


1. Country toilette in white cloth. Both the short coat and the skirt are trimmed with *motifs* stitched in beaver-coloured silk and strappings of the cloth piped with beaver velvet. The coat fastens at the side with a gold buckle, and the deep belt is of the velvet. Hat of biscuit-coloured crinoline, ornamented by black and white grapes and foliage, relieved by a knot of pale blue silk.  
2. Yachting suit of Navy blue serge, and striped blue lavender and white silk. The skirt is pleated and trimmed with a fold of the striped silk, which also edges the coat and forms a collar. The coat is semi-fitting at the back, and hangs loose in front over a vest of cream foulard. Picturesque hat of cream silk, barred across with black velvet and having a stiff black quill

COSTUMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

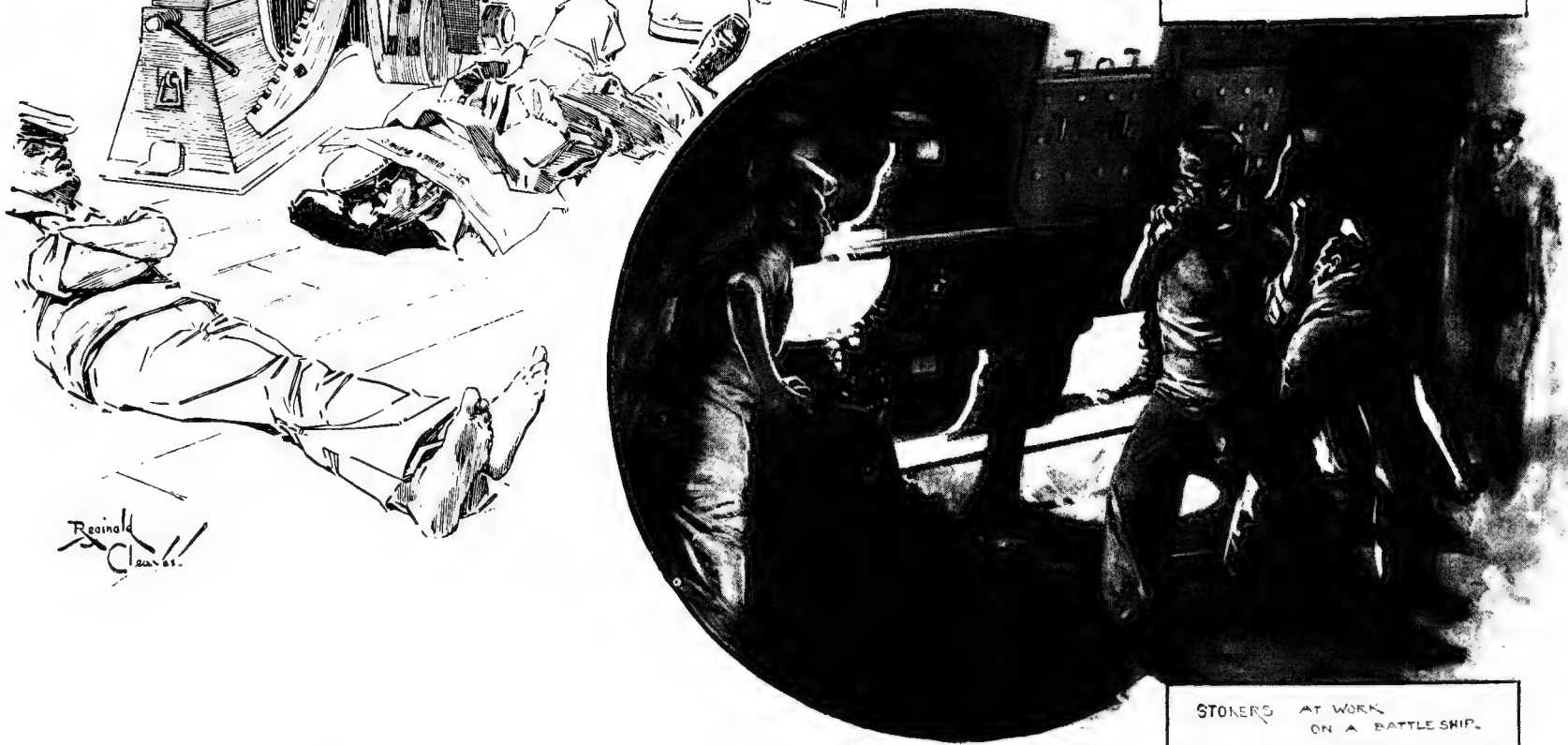
ON THE AFTER BRIDGE-

"HULLO! YOU DOYS, JUST LONGING FOR SOME WORK TO DO, I CAN SEE.  
HERE YOU ARE, COME AND FOLD THESE FLAGS UP!"



A PORTION OF EACH DAY IS  
SET APART FOR  
"MAKING AND MENDING CLOTHES"

(A SKETCH IN A SEAMEN'S MESS  
DURING THAT PERIOD)



STOKERS AT WORK  
ON A BATTLE SHIP.



FROM A SKETCH BY D. D. GUNN

is striking. Good-byes are hastily taken, and one set of cripples bid farewell to the other set perhaps not altogether without a shaking wish that they were going home too."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS: A SCENE ON BOARD A HOMEWARD-BOUND TRANSPORT

DRAWN BY W. SMALL

A Correspondent writes:—"Transporters are sent home nearly every week with sick and wounded on board. Those who are not severely wounded and are able to get about come down to the docks to see their less fortunate comrades off and to console with them on their 'rough luck' in being sent home. The scene on board when 'All for the shore!' rings out



MR. F. HARRISON  
General Manager of the London and  
North-Western Railway



PROFESSOR D. J. CUNNINGHAM  
Professor of Anatomy, Trinity College, Dublin



LORD JUSTICE ROMER  
Chairman of the Commission



DR. W. S. CHURCH  
President of the Royal College of Physicians



SIR DAVID RICHMOND  
Ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow

### THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO THE TREATMENT OF SICK AND WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA

"Clerk to a Commission," by both of which he not only added considerably to his income, but gained a great insight into Egyptian affairs generally, a fact that was noticed by the higher authorities, who, soon after, appointed him Acting Vice-Consul at Suez. Here he got what he calls his "first opportunity," and by his tact, calmness, and diplomacy was able to successfully accomplish some very awkward business. From this time his rise was rapid. He was appointed to the Consulship of Khartoum, but luckily the doctors would not pass him as fit for the post. If they had he would, probably, have been massacred with General Gordon. Sir Walter Milville did yeoman service during and after the bombardment of Alexandria, and shortly after was chosen British representative on the Egyptian Mercantile and Quarantine Board of Health, and, in 1884, upon the death of the native President of the Council, he was offered and accepted the vacant position. Abuse was heaped upon him from all sides, but he carried out his own ideas without flinching, much to the benefit of British commerce. The work that fell upon his shoulders during the cholera epidemic was something enormous, and it is not surprising that at a comparatively early age he had to retire from the service, when the Queen bestowed upon him a Knight Commandership of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The volume contains many amusing anecdotes of people and of events, besides which it is valuable as a history of the most stirring times of modern Egypt.

### The War in South Africa

THE Boer resistance this week shows increased signs of taling out, though it is not at all improbable that their knowledge of the complication which has overtaken us in China will tend to stiffen any powers of resistance which still remain to the burghers and their infatuated rulers. And within the last ten days the Transvaal boer has shown that it is not yet altogether innocuous, though very nearly brought to bay. For on the day after he had opened a new hospital at Pretoria, in the presence, among others, of the former Chief Justices Kotze and Gregorowski, who have themselves bowed to the logic of accomplished facts, it was the mortifying duty of Lord Roberts to record another "unfortunate reverse" to his arms—a reverse which resulted in the capture of two of our guns and the killing or capture of the bulk of a squadron of Scots Greys and five companies of the 2nd Lincolnshire who had been posted at Nital's Nek, about eighteen miles north-west of Pretoria, on the Crocodile River, in order to maintain road and telegraphic communication with Rustenburg. On hearing of the peril in which this isolated column had been placed by the sudden attack of a greatly superior Boer force at dawn on the 11th inst., Lord Roberts hurriedly despatched to its aid the K.O.S.B.'s, under Colonel Godfrey, but darkness overtook him and his troops,

and he was compelled to return. The Nital Nek column had, so to speak, pitched its camp in the hollow of a saucer with out picketing the rim—an incredible omission—with the result that the saucer-rim was seized overnight by the Boers, who "had with them four long-range guns and some pom-poms, with which they were able to bombard the (British) kopje and take the pass." A stubborn and, indeed, heroic defence was kept up all day, but at last the circumvented column had to give way, and owing to one more of those disastrous reverses which have been of such frequent occurrence during the war.

At the same time Smith-Dorrien had a successful engagement with the enemy near Krugersdorp, and inflicted heavy loss on them. Buller reported that the Boers, who were destroying his line of railway near Vaardekraal, were driven off after a short action. Near Vilpoort Lord Dundonald captured a camp belonging to a party of Boers who had blown up the Leeuwspruit Bridge a few days before. Some of Buller's troops were moving up Van Reenan's Pass, evidently to take part in the cornering of De Wet; while Hart reported from Heidelberg—of which the defences are now complete—and Mackinnon from Heilbron that Boers were continuing to come in daily and deliver up their arms.

Our portraits are by the following:—Sir David Richmond, by W. Ralston, Glasgow; Dr. Church, by Maull and Fox; Lord Justice Romer, by Elliott and Fry; Mr. Harrison, by Barraud; and Professor Cunningham, by Lafayette. Dublin; Sir Walter Caine Hillier, on another page, is by Elliott and Fry.

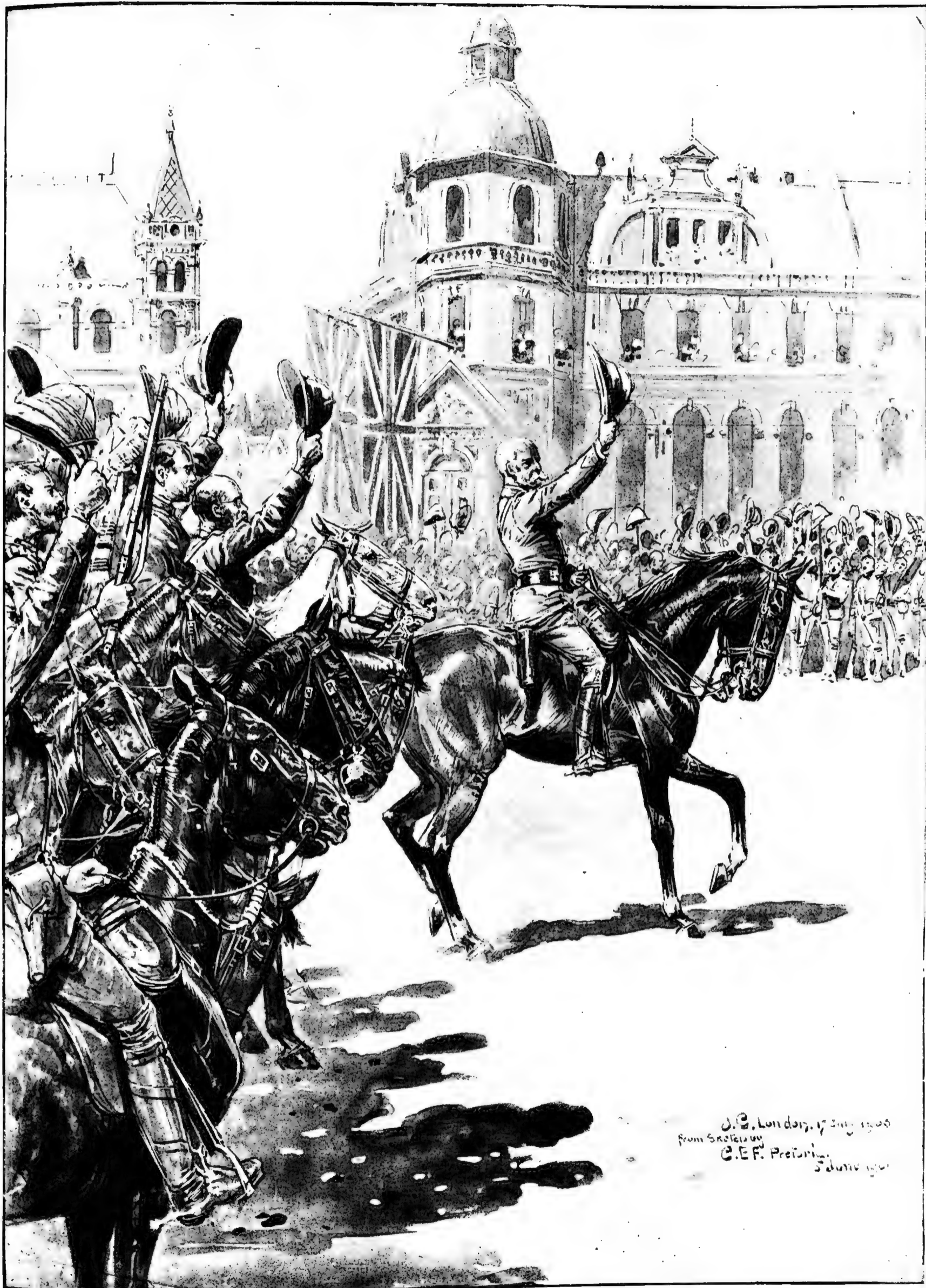


DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

Our Special Artist, describing the advance on Pretoria, writes: "Towards evening the Infantry deployed in extended order and advanced towards the enemy's position, west of Klapper Kop, line after line in a threatening manner, but the attack was not pushed home, and the exchange of musketry died away with daylight."

WITH LORD ROBERTS: THE INFANTRY ADVANCE ON PRETORIA



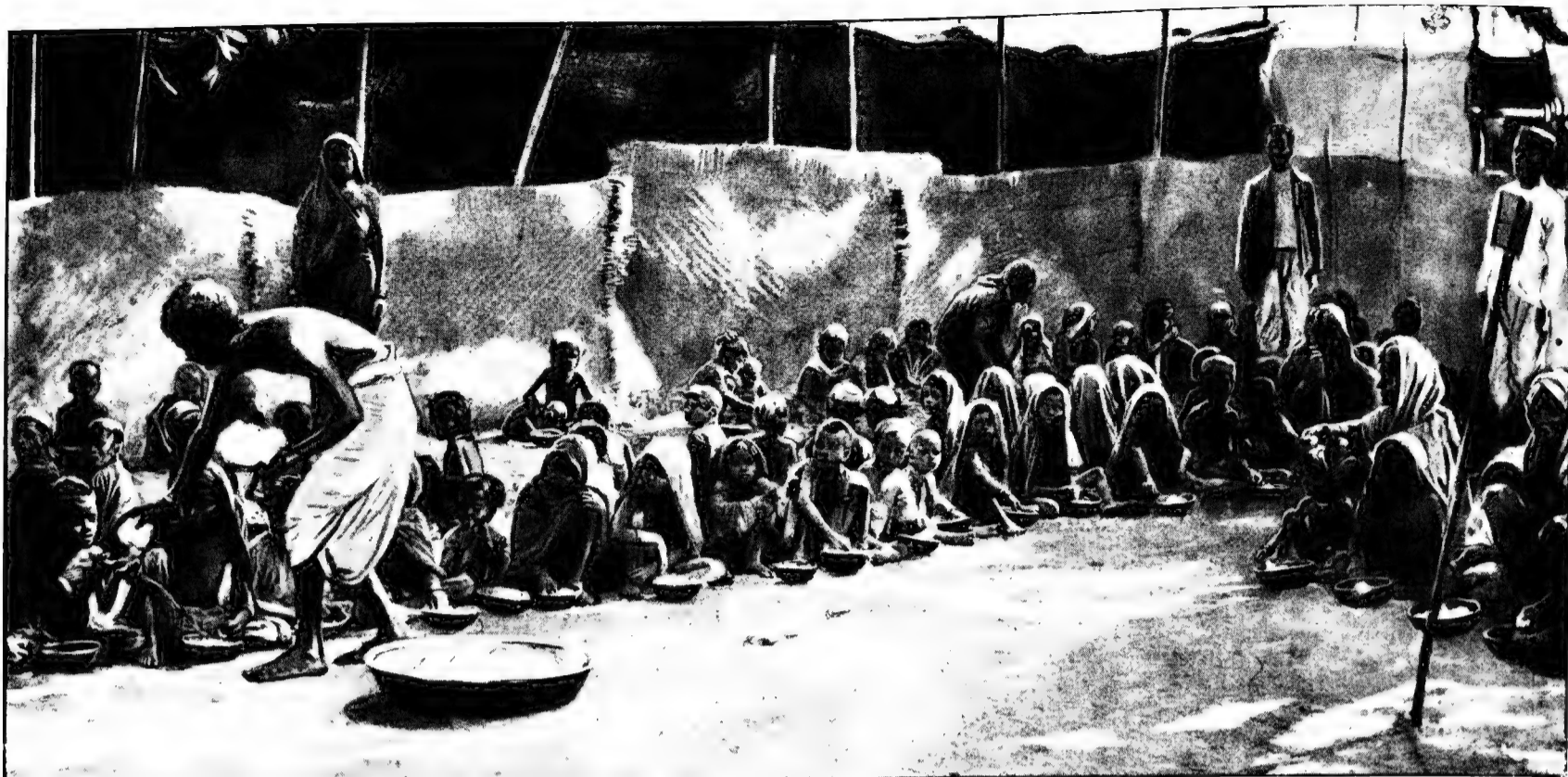
J. B. London, 17 July 1900  
from Sketch by  
C. E. Fripp, R.W.S.  
5 June 1901

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

The silk flag having been run up on the Government buildings and the National Anthem played, Lord Roberts rode forward and, baring his head, called for three cheers for the Queen, which, needless to say, were given most heartily and enthusiastically by the troops and a large portion of the crowd

RAISING THE BRITISH FLAG AT PRETORIA: LORD ROBERTS CALLING FOR CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN



THE FAMINE IN GUZERAT: GIVING CHILDREN BREAKFAST AT THE POOR CAMP

## Notes from the Magazines

## A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

THE *Nineteenth Century* opens with a proposal to form an Association which shall have for its object to fix public attention steadily upon some of the more important lessons taught by the war. Foremost among the lessons are:—

(1) The necessity for examining the condition of the defences of the Empire and their administration by the public officers charged therewith; and (2) the need for conducting the business of the country as administered by all the various Departments of State, upon ordinary business principles and methods.

This proposed Committee of vigilance has already received promise of support from a host of well-known people, commencing with the Earl of Rosebery, but its precise scope and the manner in which it will set about its labours seem a little

vague. A leaflet is given away with the number that those in sympathy with the scheme may sign and induce others to join.

## THE FUTURE OF CHINA

In the same review Mr. Henry Norman urges the necessity of a strong China policy and a determination to carry it out. He puts forward the following axioms, founded in fact or inculcated by experience, as the basis for discussing a British Far Eastern policy. Firstly, he says "There is no such thing as China," meaning that China is only an expression and not a nation holding together and acting as one. Secondly, "China will not reform herself in any way." Thirdly, "Russian ambition has no limits." Lastly, "Japan is face to face with a life-and-death issue in the Far East." For the present, Russia's game is to conciliate Japan; but let Russia consolidate her position in Northern

China, and let Japan put off striking for six months, and the future of the latter is likely to be seriously handicapped, if not worse. Mr. Norman's idea of the future of China is that the Emperor should be replaced on the Throne and rule with a council of Chinese Ministers, under the control of a Council of Representatives of the Powers. The whole of the country should be thrown open to trade—each Power should undertake to keep order in its own sphere of influence, and so on. It sounds fairly well, but who is going to prevent that Council of Representatives being led by the strongest, and the old diplomatic game being played once more? Some of Mr. Norman's most interesting remarks come under axiom one, where he points out that what figures as China on the map is a number of districts, often separated from each other and from the centre by immense distances, and inhabited by widely differing people. "The Mahomedans, of whom there are thirty millions, regard the Buddhists as irreligious foreigners. . . . A man from Tientsin and a man from Canton can no more talk to each other than can a Frenchman and a Dutchman. Moreover, there exists between them a virulent race hatred. . . . This curious inter-hatred is conspicuous where Chinese from different parts of China meet together, as, for example, in Bangkok, or on the plantations in Malaya or the Dutch Indies. Savage faction fights are of constant occurrence. Consequently it is easy to raise a force of Chinese in one place to fight Chinese in another." Many may have noticed that the regiments raised at Wei-Hai-Wei were ready and anxious to go and try conclusions with their own countrymen.

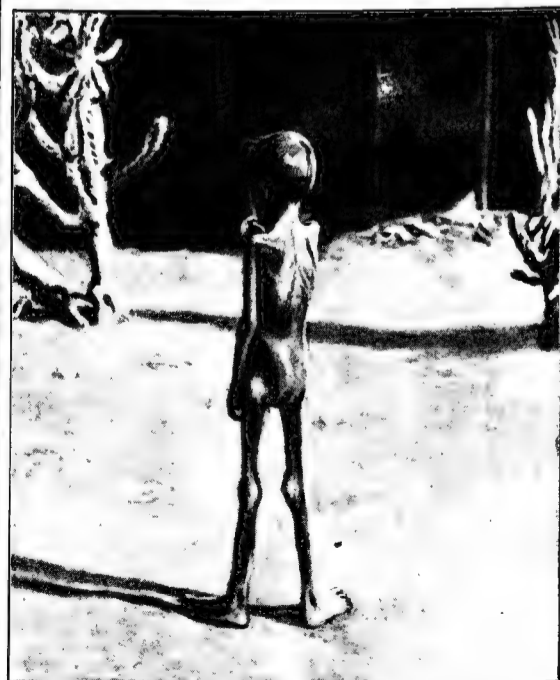
## WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE

Mr. Demetrius Boulger, in the *Contemporary*, also indulges in a long and strong diatribe against British policy in China.



A KAFFIR FAMILY AT ELANDS LAAGTE

It is difficult to imagine a more striking contrast than is here presented. The chubby children of the stalwart Kaffir seem to emphasize the emaciated appearance of the wretched little boy in the poor camp in Guzerat. The famine in that district is described as being awful. The natives will not go to the relief works until it is too late, and when driven by starvation they often die on the way. There are some



DESTITUTE! IN THE POOR CAMP IN GUZERAT

thousands of children at one big relief station in Broach, who are fed and looked after while their mothers are working. Mr. Lely, Commissioner of the Northern Division of the Bombay Presidency, has been touring in Guzerat, and sends home an urgent appeal for help to relieve the frightful distress in the district.



DRAWN BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

The relief of Mafeking was celebrated with great rejoicing at Pietermaritzburg. There was a procession of children, headed by the Cadet Corps with its band. After the procession the children marched to the railway station, where they found a train with wounded and sick men bound for

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. C. V. FITZHENRY

England about to start for Durban. The children sang "God Save the Queen," "Soldiers of the Queen," and other patriotic songs, much to the delight of the invalided men

"SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN": A SCENE AT PIETERMARITZBURG ON MAFEKING DAY

He is firmly convinced that there is no middle course between opposing Russia tooth and nail on behalf of a worthless and condemned administration and leaving her undisturbed to realise her objects at Peking so far as she can. In the meantime the one clear duty before us is to take some practical step towards securing our sphere of influence in the Yangtse Kiang.



SERGEANT H. OMMUNDSEN  
Winner of *The Daily Graphic* Prize

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

MEMBERS exceptionally crowding the House of Commons on Monday, for Mr. Balfour's promised statement on the disposition of business for the remainder of the Session, were genuinely surprised to hear recited such a catalogue of Government measures. The common understanding of the Session has been that in view of momentous events abroad nothing would be expected in the way of legislation. The First Lord of the Treasury had to deal with a list certainly long enough to embarrass him. Mere details of business do not form Mr. Balfour's strong point. By the spell of good humour and unfailing courtesy he has earned the distinction of being one of the most popular Leaders of modern times. When it comes to vulgar fractions, or particulars of the stages of Bills, he leaves something to be desired.

As far as he, having mastered the situation, was able to inform his audience upon it there has been a pretty wholesale dropping of Bills. The Irish Tithes Bill, which Mr. Asquith in a vigorous speech denounces as this year's contribution to the succession of doles to the landlords, has been driven through with the help of those old-fashioned hammers, suspension of the Twelve o'Clock Rule and the Closure. A measure of infinitely wider public range of interest, the Companies Bill, Mr. Balfour "hoped" would pass. He cherishes a similar sentiment with respect to the Money-Lending Bill.

Mr. Goschen has found this week opportunity for making an important statement on the crucial subject of boilers in battleships. For some years the Belleville boiler has been in experimental use in the British Navy. A high authority tells me that national property to the amount of forty millions sterling is concerned in its success or failure. Up to the present time there has, according to critics seated on both sides of the House, been unvarying failure. A main recommendation of the Belleville boiler is the increased speed it makes possible. Twenty-two knots was confidently promised. The *Terrible*, hurrying off to China to rescue British subjects in peril, did not achieve more than fifteen knots. As to the *Europa*, another Belleville boiler ship, she, running from Suez to Colombo, achieved the record rate of seven and a half knots.

These things have been said time after time in the House. Mr. William Allan has distinguished himself by leading the attack. On Tuesday sounded his hour of triumph. Mr. Goschen, whilst gallantly making the best of the Belleville boiler, consented to the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry. It is not to be on the old lines of laymen sitting in a room at the Admiralty, studying reports and examining witnesses. It will consist chiefly of sea-going engineers, at whose disposal will be placed one or more of Her Majesty's ships, equipped with the Belleville boiler. They will make a pleasant trip to sea, working and watching the boiler in the varying chances and changes of weather.

The approbation to which this concession was greeted marked the depth of anxiety that has existed. There has been no attempt to make a Party question of the matter. As a matter of fact, adverse critics of the Admiralty action have preponderated in numbers on the Ministerial side. But amongst those who speak with authority there has long been a profound feeling of uneasiness. Now there will be opportunity of testing and forming a judgment upon a question that lies near the heart of the Empire.

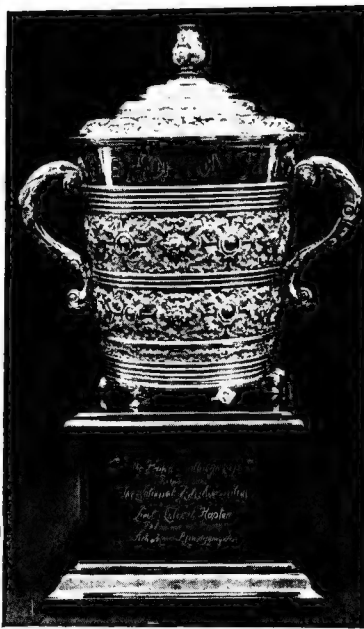
**THE BLEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, LTD.**—The Bleachers' Association, Ltd., will appear on the 23rd of this month. The Issue will consist of a share capital of £6,000,000, divided into 5½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and about £2,250,000 4½ per. Cent First Mortgage Debenture Stock. So far as possible the system maintained in other successful amalgamated combines will be adopted in connection with this Combination, viz., the management of each works will be in the hands of those who have been responsible for its conduct in the past, each firm dealing personally with their own customers. The first General Managers will be Mr. John Brennand and Mr. John Stanning. A very large amount of this Issue has already been applied for by members of the different firms that are being amalgamated.



SERGEANT CARMELL, THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN A WHITE CAP, ALSO WON THE SPENCER CUP  
THE DULWICH COLLEGE EIGHT: WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD

## The Bisley Meeting

THE National Rifle Association's meeting at Bisley has, for very obvious reasons, not been as well attended as heretofore, but there has been no lack of interest in the competitions. For the Ashburton Shield the twenty-four schools' teams fired their match in the presence of a great crowd, who were very enthusiastic when Bandsman Hyde, of Rugby, a diminutive lad of about 4 ft., hardly taller than his rifle, finished his firing with the good total of 63 out of a possible 70. A special incident of the match was the making of a highest possible score in the standing position at 200 yards by Corporal Raworth of Dulwich. The top score in the match was made by



This cup is presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Hopton for the Match Rifle Aggregate  
THE HOPTON CHALLENGE CUP

Sergeant D'Egville, of Berkhamstead, 65; 31 at 200 yards, and 34 at 500 yards. Dulwich won the match with a total of 460; Charterhouse, so often the winner of the trophy, were second with 376. Private D. Hepburn, the winner of *The Graphic* Cup at Bisley, belongs to the 2nd V.B. Scottish Rifles, Glasgow. Six men, however, registered 34 points, Private Hepburn securing the cup with his tie shots. *The Graphic* competition was a kneeling shoot at 500 yards. Two days later Private Hepburn won *The Golden Penny* competition.

Sergeant H. Ommundsen, who won *The Daily Graphic* Cup, was the only competitor who succeeded in making the highest possible score—thirty-five points. Sergeant Ommundsen belongs to the 5th V.B. Royal Scots. Besides the cups *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* competitions carry with them 290 other prizes, including sketches and money prizes of an aggregate value of 720. Our illustrations are from photographs by C. Knight, Aldershot.



PRIVATE D. HEPBURN  
Winner of *The Graphic* Cup and  
*Golden Penny* Competition



BANDSMAN HYDE, THE SMALLEST COMPETITOR EVER SEEN AT THE MEETING  
THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S MEETING AT BISLEY

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## New Novels

## "LITTLE ANNA MARK"

"LITTLE ANNA MARK," who gives her name to Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest story (Smith, Elder and Co.), is the daughter of a pirate and brigand, and of his wife who has left him. It will therefore interest students of heredity to find in Anna just a good sort of girl, with nothing distinctive about her, unless in a lover's eyes, but a remarkable fleetness of foot and sureness of aim. The novel is wholly one of wildly exciting peril and adventure, first in Galloway during the anarchy that followed the Revolution, and afterwards among the pirates of the Spanish Main and the slave-drivers and heretic-burners of Porto Rico. The coincidences are profuse and astounding, and we question whether M. de Rougemont himself ever had a more remarkable experience than the rescue of the hero and heroine and their friends by a gigantic devil-fish, who swims away with their boat at a speed beyond the utmost endeavour of pursuing ones. Scarcely any other sort of interest is attempted, and the characters are not so much humanly inconsistent as entirely different persons at different times. Thus we fail to recognise in that Byronic hero, Philip Stansfield the elder—the man of "one virtue and a thousand crimes"—the mere homicidal imbecile of the earlier chapters.

## "THE SHADOW OF ALLAH"

The novel written in collaboration by Mr. Morley Roberts and Mr. Max Montefiore (John Long) deals with the deposition of the Sultan Abdul Aziz and the principal events that immediately followed. It is a romance, but so was the reality, and the historical freedoms allowed themselves by the authors are of the legitimate sort that are based on knowledge. The novel is not altogether

easy reading, partly by reason of the confusion of its subject, but much more by the manner in which this is presented. The reader has, without any sort of assistance, to put himself into the mental and moral place of the supposed narrator—an ultra-savage Circassian, and with no law but his passions, and no principle but fatalism, and who thinks infinitely less of cutting any number of throats than the ordinary European of cutting an acquaintance. He has studied Western civilisation at its fountain heads, and the only result is a scornful detestation of it and of all its ways. All this is so taken for granted, and so free from any perceptible symptom of irony, as to rather bewilder a reader who finds himself called upon to sympathise with the wild loves and hates of this follower of Schamyl—who himself, by the way, passes across the stage. It is well, however, to be taken out of the ordinary grooves and types of fiction now and then.

## "THE WHITE FLOWER"

We fear that the personages of Clive R. Fenn's "The White Flower" (Digby, Long and Co.) must plead guilty to the charge of being the authors of their own troubles. Blanche Fanleigh—whose Christian name, as well as herself, helps, we may suppose, her story to its title—should not have taken for granted that the fine young fellow whom she had known as well as loved all their lives was a cad of the first class, on the evidence of a letter that he was incapable of having written. Then, when she chose, out of pique, to plunge into marriage with a man whom neither she nor her friends knew, the latter, at any rate, might have made a few preliminary inquiries. No doubt, however, the author may very fairly answer that it is his business to describe real people, and that even the best people are not always as wise as one would wish them. That the scoundrel whom Blanche married made equal havoc of his own fortunes is quite as natural, and much more satisfactory. There is a sympathetic generosity about the millions, and the millionaire, whereby the complication is assisted to a happier result than could have been expected; and there is a dramatic quality about some of the scenes that incline us to think that the plot has the makings of a good play. The novel catches some simple and salient human interest at nearly every turn.

## "MACGILLEROY'S MILLIONS"

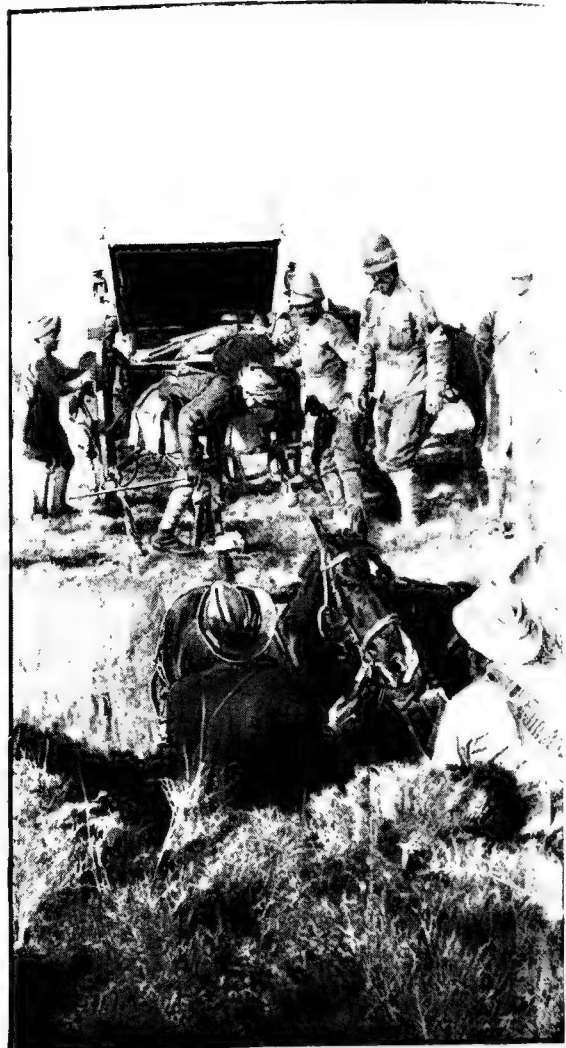
It is, of course, a matter for the freest and widest difference of opinion, but we have, for our part, no hesitation in preferring Miss Iza Duffus Hardy's "MacGillerooy's Millions" (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.), even to the best of its predecessors from the same pen. There is a robustness of plot and style about it which we will not say her former novels lacked, but at the same time was certainly less conspicuous in them than other qualities. The

general motive of it is the love of a good woman for a man who apparently unworthy of it, but who, nevertheless, as we learn, must have had deserts that love could feel, though not even could consciously perceive. There are many methods of tr such a plot; but probably none, if any, better than that which Hardy has chosen for bringing it into the fullest relief possible.



Bognor was gaily decorated on Monday, when the Duke and Duchess of York visited the town for the purpose of opening the Princess Mary Memorial Home for working women, and the Victorian Convalescent Home for Surrey women. The latter (the larger block in our illustration) was erected as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, and the former (the corner block) was erected for the reception of a certain number of working women from the East End of London for a holiday. The scheme was set on foot to keep going a good work begun by the late Duchess of Teck, and thereby to perpetuate her memory. Our photograph is by W. Shawcross, Guildford.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT BOGNOR: THE NEW BUILDINGS OPENED



This photograph, taken by an officer near the Zand River, shows a Correspondent's Cape cart in difficulties, with stretcher bearers coming to his assistance.

THE TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

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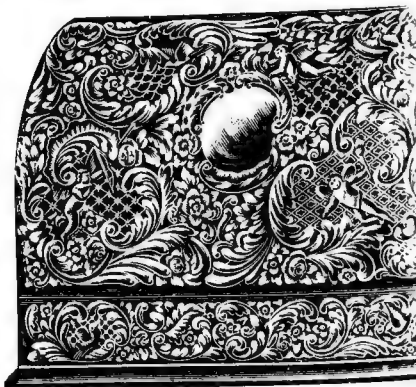
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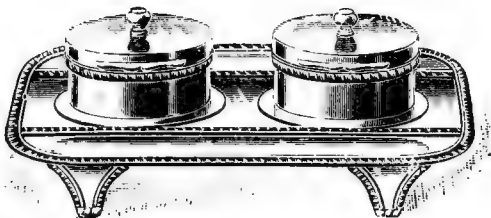
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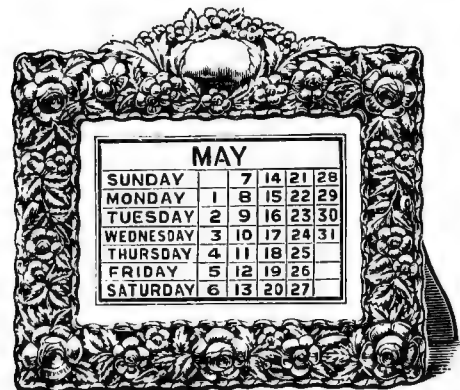
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THE LARGEST STOCK  
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Lord Hopetoun, who is to be the first Governor-General of Australia, is the seventh earl of that name, and has been since 1898 Lord Chamberlain. His new Australian appointment will, of course, necessitate his resignation of that office. He was born in 1860, and he married, in 1886, the Hon. Hersey Alice, third daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry. From 1889 to 1895 he was Governor of Victoria, hence he is well acquainted with our great Southern Colonies.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN

## Music

### PRODUCTION OF "LA TOSCA"

"LA TOSCA," based by Puccini and his librettists, Illica and Giocosa, upon Sardou's famous drama, is the only absolute novelty of the present opera season. It attracted a good deal more attention than new works usually do at Covent Garden, and, in fact, it was well deserving of this honour. Not only has the drama, in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt used to play so important a part, a powerful story, but it is also well adapted for operatic treatment, while *Tosca* will be especially sympathetic to the artists, inasmuch as it has three highly important parts, one for the heroine, a role almost identical with that popularised by Madame Bernhardt; another for the tenor, who, although the victim of the tragedy, is a manly character throughout, and the third for the baritone, who presides Scarpia, not as the conventional villain of opera, but as a young and gallant official, unscrupulous in his duties, but tender-hearted enough where the ladies are concerned. Frau Ternina, it is true, has to wear a very trying Empire gown, with little or no waist, and an extraordinary head-piece. But, on the other hand, as she is the only female character in the entire opera, she has the feminine interest exclusively to herself. The music is beyond question Puccini's best, for he has not attempted anything beyond

his limitations in the more serious scenes of the torture and the murder, while in the lighter situations he shows himself one of the most graceful Italian composers of the present day.

There is no need to go in detail through the story, which in its dramatic form is already well known. The six tableaux of the original are, however, effectively reduced by the librettists to three acts, whereof the second is dramatically the most important, though the first is musically the most effective. At the outset, in the church of St. Andrea, every detail of which is reproduced, including the paintings on the marbled walls, and the Madonna, whose statue serves as a font for the holy water, we are introduced to the young painter, Cavaradossi, who is copying the Madonna, though with the face of Floria Tosca, the singer. The political fugitive, Angelotti, is merely a passing figure in the opera. Very dainty is the tenor song which the young painter sings at his work in praise of his lady love. His befriending of the fugitive, however, gets him into hot water with Tosca, who is jealous; and her feelings are played upon by the villain Scarpia, who produces from the chapel in which the fugitive has been hidden a fan which undoubtedly belongs to a lady. After the first act, however, little is made of this incident, to which Tosca apparently attaches no importance. Among the minor, but very effective, features of this scene are a capital piece for the portly but unctuous sacristan, a part admirably played by M. Glibert, and who is worried by his choir boys, whose dance-like chorus is an effective foil to the more serious business of the scene. Another interpolation is an elaborate procession of priests, singers, censer-bearers, nobles, and soldiers marching up the aisle, headed by the ecclesiastic, to join in the Te Deum sung after the battle of Marengo, which, it is a historical fact, was first reported to be a victory for the Austrians instead of for Bonaparte.

In the next act we are in a room in the Palazzo Farnese, with, on the walls, paintings by Correggio and others. The room, it is said, has been exactly copied from an apartment in the palace. Here we hear through the open window snatches, first, of a gavotte (a far more tasteful and better written thing than we are likely to have from an ordinary Italian composer of 1800) and a cantata, written quite in the musical style of the period. We only hear scraps of the cantata, in which Tosca, the best singer of Rome in the period, is taking part. To Scarpia are first introduced the young painter, and afterwards Tosca herself. She



This table, used by the Queen when signing the Commission giving her assent to the Australian Commonwealth Bill, has been presented by Her Majesty to Mr. Barton, the Senior Delegate from Australia, together with the quill pen, silver inkstand, and duplicate copy of the Commission, in memory of a great event. Our photograph is by C. F. Treble, Victoria Street.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENT TO AUSTRALIA

refuses to listen to the police agent's compliments, but she is compelled afterwards to hear the cries of her lover under the torture, and to see him dismissed to execution. It is to save him that she consents, but a revulsion of feeling occurs, and as Scarpia rushes to her arms, she stabs him with a supper knife, afterwards penitently placing lighted candles at his head and the cross on his breast. This business, upon which, however, very little stress is laid, is adopted almost in every detail from the impersonation of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The last act is shorter, though not less effective on that account. As to the performance it can only be said that orchestra and chorus were admirable, and the three leading parts were played practically to perfection by Frau Ternina, Signor de Lucia and Signor Scotti.

Next Monday week will see the last of the opera season. We are likely to have very few further additions to the repertory, and those are of comparatively little importance. Fortunately, however, M. Jean de Reszké has now in great part recovered his voice. He was, at any rate, well enough to sing on Monday at the "command" performance of *Faust* at Windsor Castle. Before next season the stage of Covent Garden is to be entirely reconstructed and furnished with the newest electric and hydraulic apparatus for scenery. The profits of the present season are large, and out of them 15,000*l.* is to be spent in theatre improvements.

# THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION-CHANGE!!

'Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree, or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it would pass away.'—Moore.

SOMETHING APPALLING!

MALARIAL FEVER!

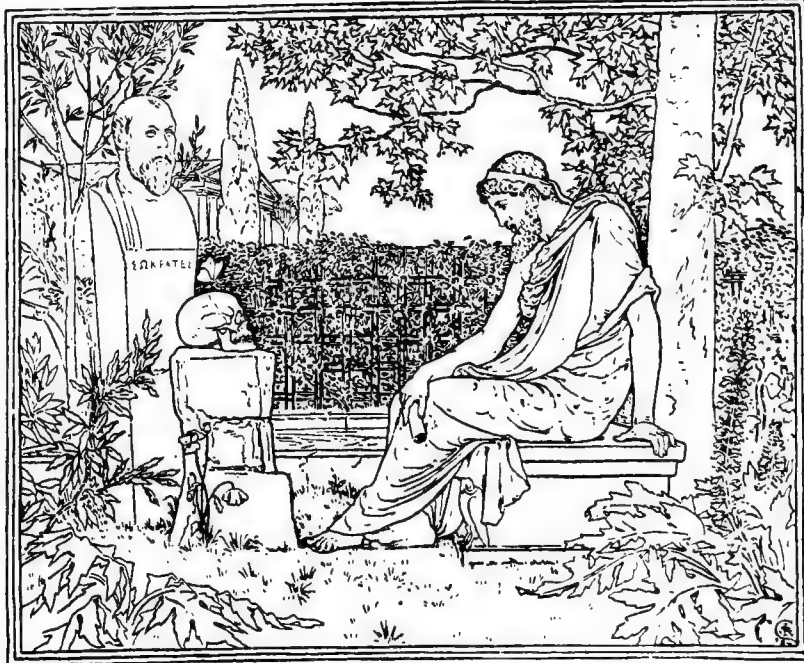
'WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES  
MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR  
WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE!

SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, AND IS NEVER  
TIRED OF KILLING, TILL SHE HAS  
TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON  
HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN—THAT  
NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY  
OBEYING HER.

MAN HAS HIS COURTESIES IN  
REVOLUTION AND WAR.

HE SPARES THE WOMAN AND CHILD.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL AND POPPY, ABOUT 450 B.C.

The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.

BUT NATURE IS FIERCE WHEN SHE IS  
OFFENDED.

SHE SPARES NEITHER WOMAN nor CHILD.  
SHE HAS NO PITY, FOR SOME AWFUL,  
BUT MOST GOOD REASON.'—Kings.

FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE  
ANNUALLY OF FEVER, PRINCIPALLY  
MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA ALONE,  
and if we take into consideration the numerous  
dependencies situated in such

UNLOVABLE PLACES AS

THE GOLD COAST, THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH GUIANA, HONDURAS AND THE WEST INDIES, THE TOTAL POPULATION STRUCK DOWN YEAR BY YEAR

MORE OR LESS PREVENTABLE  
MUST BE

SOMETHING APPALLING!—Observed

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### The Shah's European Tour

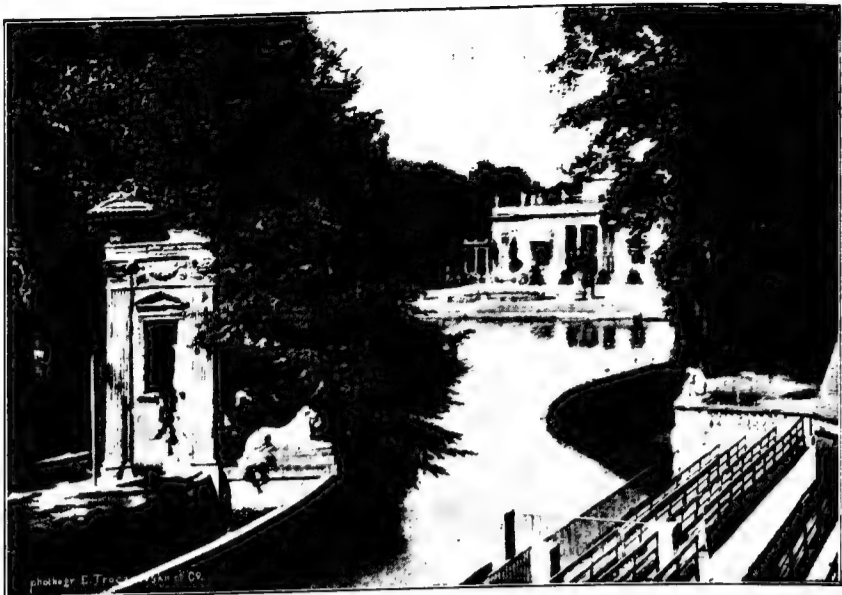
THE Shah of Persia, Muzaffir-ed-Din, following in the footsteps of his father, Nasr-i-Din, who twice made a tour in Europe, is now engaged in visiting the various European Courts. He is due at Osborne, to visit the Queen, next month, and will conclude his tour by a visit to the Paris Exhibition. Muzaffir-ed-Din,



MUZAFFIR-ED-DIN, WHO IS ABOUT TO VISIT THIS COUNTRY

who is forty-seven years of age, is the second son of his father, his elder brother, Zil-es-Sultan, being Governor of Ispahan. He was nominated as the successor to the throne by his father, and succeeded him in the summer of 1896, when Nasr-ed-Din died by the hand of an assassin. Muzaffir-ed-Din arrived at Erivan, in Russia, on Thursday, May 24, and at Tiflis on the following Monday. At the latter place he was received by the Deputy Governor-General, Lieutenant-General Frese, and the principal officials. In accordance with Russian custom, the Shah

was offered bread and salt in a silver dish. The Russian populace received his Majesty with much enthusiasm, the town was profusely decorated, and there were illuminations in the evening. Continuing his progress, Muzaffir-ed-Din reached St. Petersburg at the end of May, and from there went to Warsaw. There he was awarded a magnificent reception. He was met at the railway station by the Governor-General of Poland, Prince Imerytynski, who accompanied him to the Royal Palace of Lazienki. This palace is beautifully situated near a lake. In the grounds is an open-air theatre. The stage is on one side of an arm of the lake and the auditorium on the other. A grand entertainment was provided for the Shah, who seemed delighted with everything he saw. He has since been to Contrexeville, where he has been obtaining advice for the cure of a slight attack of the gout. It is understood that the Shah intends to visit all the principal cities of England and Scotland. He is accompanied on his tour by an English doctor, Mr. Hugh Adcock. Our photographs are by Jadwiga, Golcz, Warsaw.



THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT LAZIENSKI PALACE, WARSAW, WHERE THE SHAH HAS BEEN STAYING

must not suppose that they have spared the United Kingdom generally. On the contrary, a severe storm struck Cambridge-shire on the 3rd inst., another struck Notts and Derby on the 12th, and storms have visited such different counties as Cornwall and Durham.

### Rural Notes

#### THE SEASON

THE wheat fields look all the better for their sun bath, and harvest is drawing near in the south. The short straw and somewhat thin plant forbid the farmer hoping for an average yield either of grain or of straws, but quality ought to be at least fair, and if the July heat and light give us a grain pretty rich in gluten the miller will buy. The barley crop has improved very rapidly, and in counties where it is of great importance, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge, a yield equal to that of last year is now anticipated. Fair to good brewing quality is hoped for, but really fine bright malting barley of the right hue and just state of skin will be scarce in England for the next twelvemonth. Oats have come on so wonderfully, since to June rains July sun succeeded, that optimists are now speaking of a forty-bushel yield as assured. We shall ourselves prefer to wait another fortnight before hazarding an opinion. The straw is short. Beans and peas are often excellent, and both roots and potatoes are coming on well. The hay crop is proving shorter than anticipated, and good new hay and clover are being held for a smart rise in price. The London district having been free from thunderstorms, as a rule, this summer, we

#### THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL

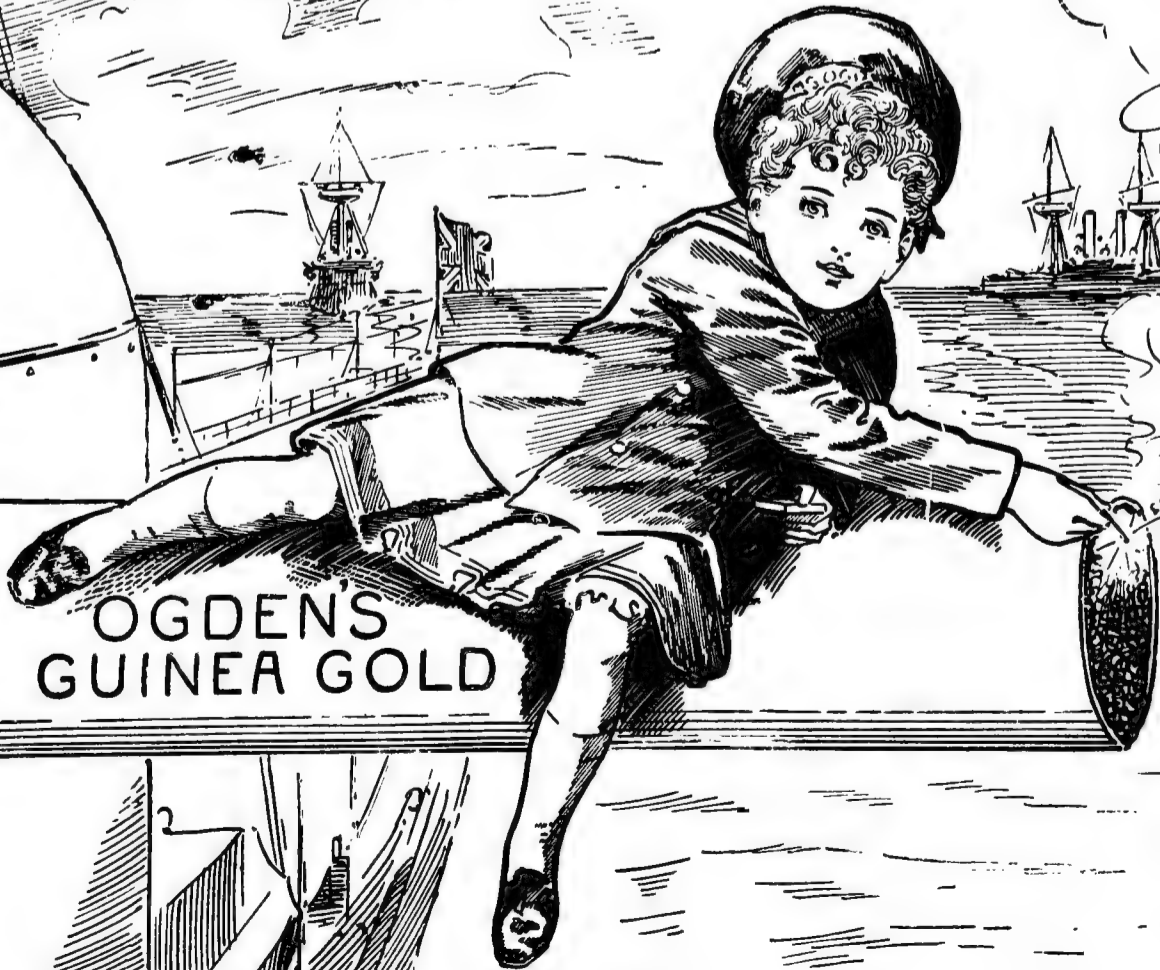
The Government have succeeded in steering this measure through the Lower House, where it has been resisted by every section of the Opposition. Will they get it safely through the Lords, where it is most unpopular with their own supporters? The recent vote on the Irish Land Laws in that assembly suggests a doubt, and the policy of buying off your Danes can only be expedient (if even) where the Danes consent to be bought. This, in the present instance, they do not. Liberal tenant farmers from England state that the bill is in no way to their liking; Welsh agricultural members move additions which would be fatal to the bill; and its root and branch rejection is moved by the member for a Scotch county in the interest of the tenants. If this be the sort of "conciliation" which the measure causes, is it worth the Government's while to persevere in it against the wishes of landowners and the warnings of land agents? The radical fault of the Bill is that it makes no provision for ascertaining whether or no a projected and expensive change be "an improvement" or not. Change for change sake is not to be welcomed either by owner or farmer.

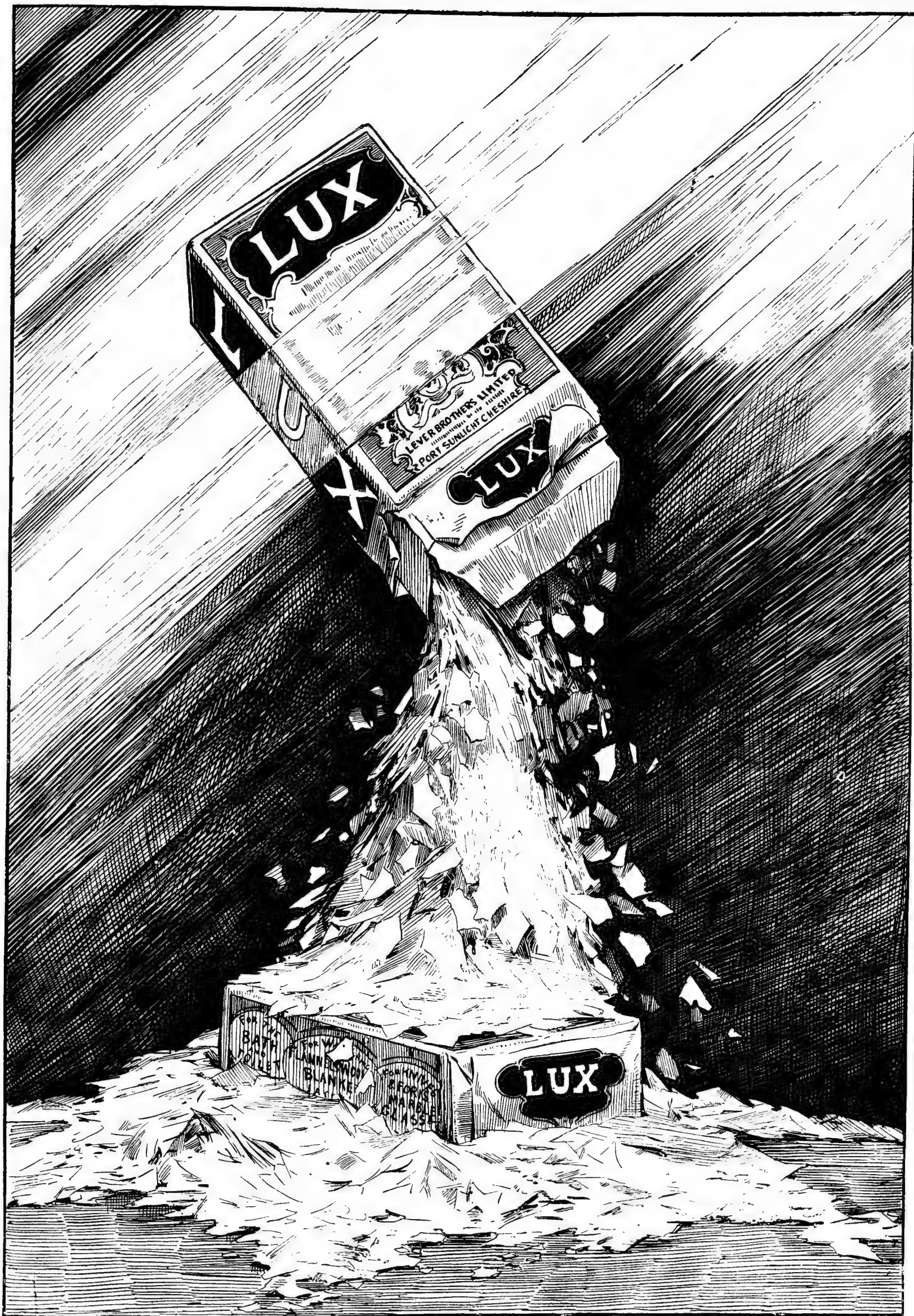
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war-time is not doubted, and, in fact, it is on the rural classes that all nations in time of war principally rely. Are we then justified in progressively and steadily depleting the villages for the benefit of the cities already overcrowded, and by no means desirous of our policy of the Liberal Party on this matter used to be a byword, for they were counted the town Party, but the Conservatives were reckoned the country Party, and the redress of agricultural grievances was accepted as peculiarly their care. Yet the Conservative Administrations prove as utterly neglectful of the tendency of the labourers to congregate in the towns as even were the Liberals. Neither party, in fact, sees material for that detestable thing, "Party

capital" in the preservation of the village, and but for the Press—of both Parties, we are glad to say—the greatest economic revolution of the day would pass unnoticed. The rural and urban interests were, when the Queen ascended the throne, of practically equal force. To-day the urban is 60 per cent., the rural only 40 per cent. of the whole. The war in South Africa is now succeeded by trouble in China, and the burden of empire is accepted in a proper spirit by Government and people alike. Unfortunately, the rearing of a robust population of fighting men appears to be neglected on all sides, and Government after Government does its best to make the calling of a farmer unprofitable. Yet the farmer must remain the principal employer of agricultural labour.

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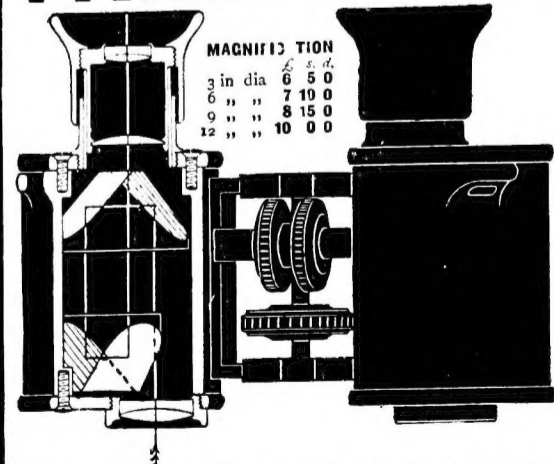
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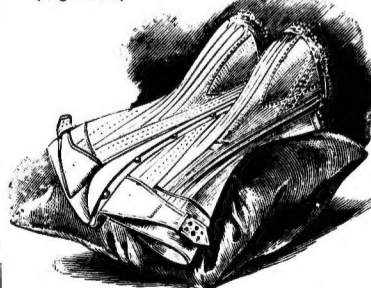
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